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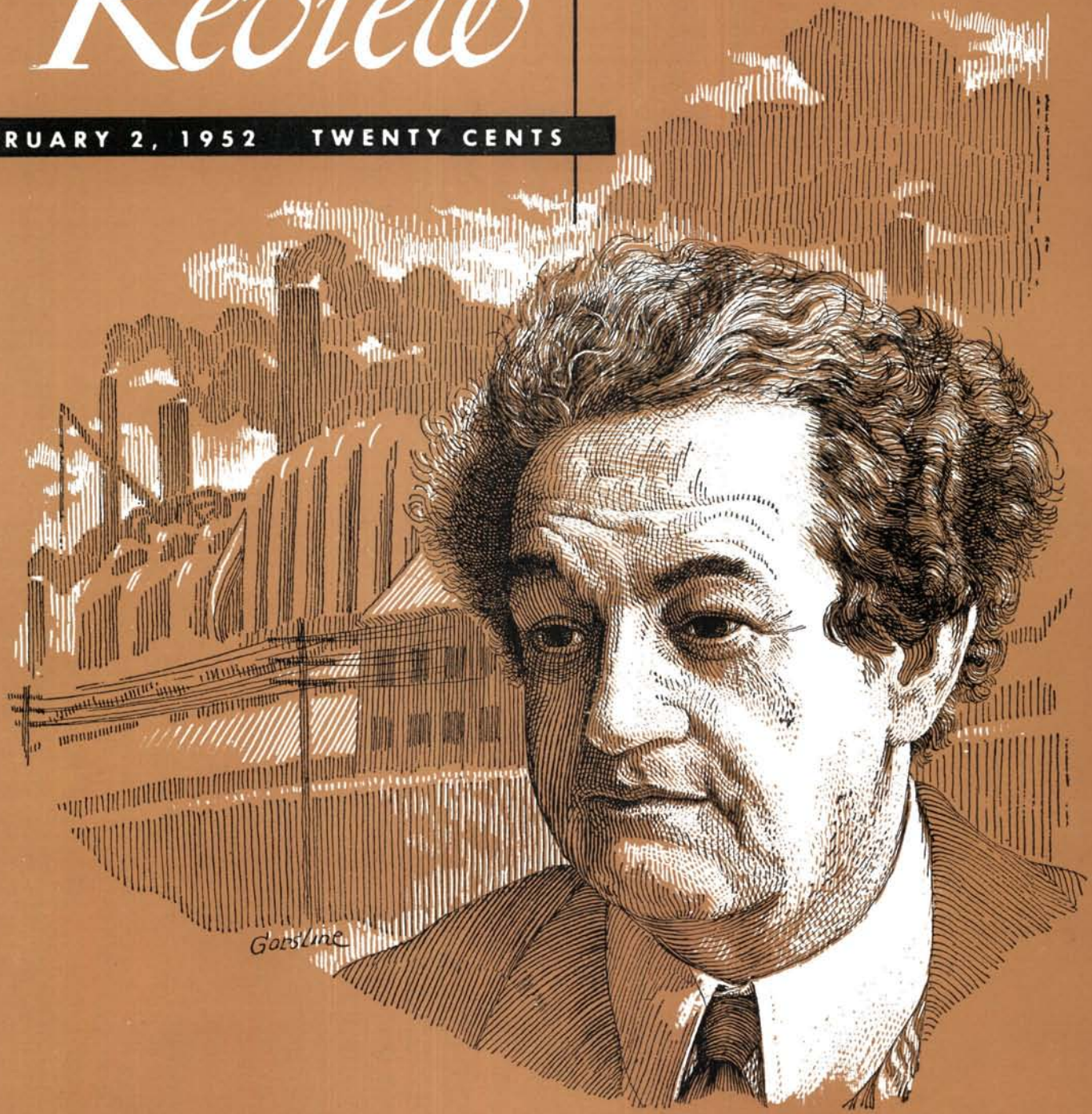
A Review of Alan Paton's Story on Film

By GILBERT SELDES



Fritz Sternberg, author of "Capitalism and Socialism on Trial." *(See page 13)*

Faith vs. Doubt in Literature

By VAN WYCK BROOKS

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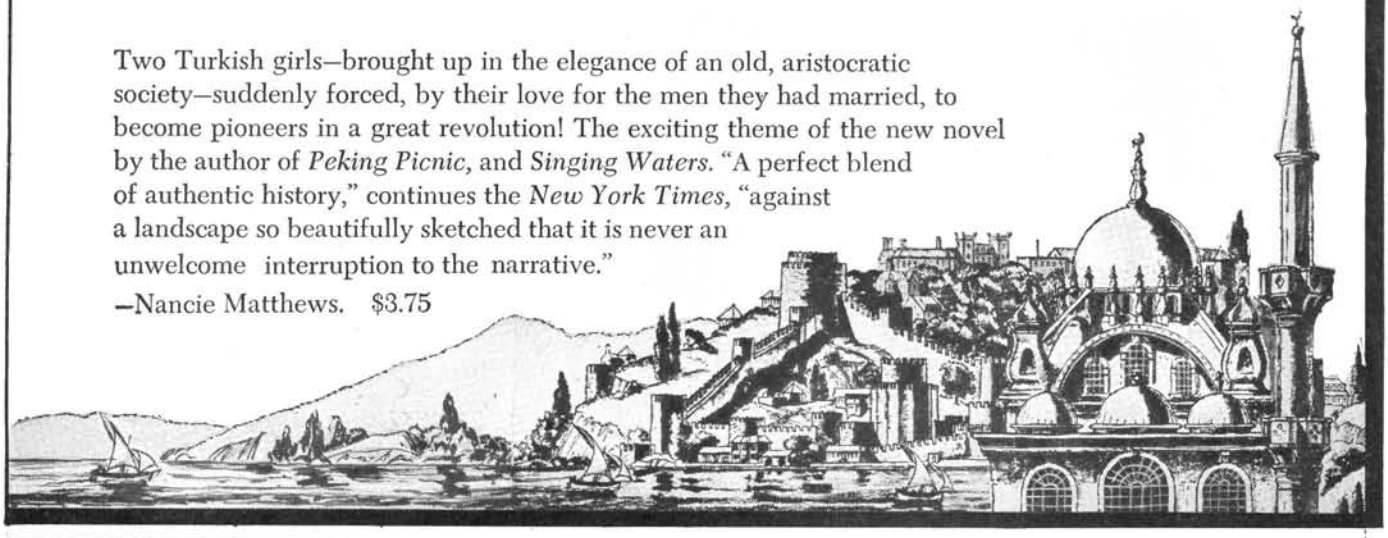

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February 2, 1952

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Article

FAITH VS. DOUBT IN LITERATURE
By Van Wyck Brooks.....11

Reviews

CAPITALISM AND SOCIALISM ON TRIAL
Reviewed by Seymour Harris.....13

NEW HOPES FOR A CHANGING WORLD
Reviewed by Brand Blanshard.....14

THE FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE
Reviewed by Bonaro W. Overstreet.....15

MAN THE MAKER
Reviewed by John F. Wharton.....16

MEMORIAL VOLUME OF AND BY ETTIE STETTHEIMER
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman.....17

UNDERSTANDING FEAR IN OURSELVES
Reviewed by Stuart Chase.....17

MY THEATER
Reviewed by Henri Peyre.....18

THE T. S. ELIOT MYTH
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman.....19

MY SISTER AND I
Reviewed by A. K. Placzek.....19

THE MODERN NOVEL IN AMERICA, 1900-1950
FIFTY YEARS OF THE AMERICAN NOVEL
Reviewed by Robert E. Spiller.....20

ACHIEVEMENT IN AMERICAN POETRY, 1900-1950
THE INDIGO BUNTING
Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer.....21

MATISSE
Reviewed by Robert Goldwater.....41

THE SOCIAL HISTORY OF ART
Reviewed by H. W. Janson.....43

FRENCH PAINTING
Reviewed by S. Lane Faison, Jr.....43

FORTY-FIVE CONTEMPORARY MEXICAN ARTISTS
Reviewed by Bernard Myers.....44

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf.....4

LITERARY CRYPT.....8

EDITORIAL.....22

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....24

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....28

SRL GOES TO THE MOVIES
By Gilbert Seldes.....31

TV AND RADIO
By Robert Lewis Shayon.....32

MUSIC TO MY EARS
By Irving Kolodin.....33

LITERARY I.Q.....36

THE FINE ARTS
By James Thrall Soby.....40

ON THE RECORD
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....49

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 932.....51

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXXV. No. 5. February 2, 1952. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1952 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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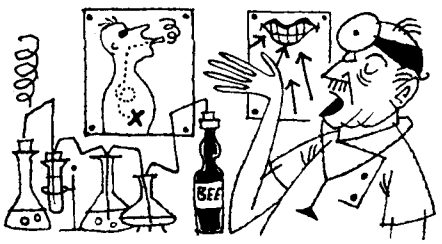
TRADE Winds

A LOT OF CONTRIBUTORS to this year's Anniversary Issue of *Variety* pointed out what was wrong with TV, but I think I was the only one to pin the blame on the confused new medium for the current shortage of new books of scientific research. Scientific researchers no longer can spare the time to write them. Of 114 scientific re-



searchers who were polled for this dissertation 47 per cent were proving for well-heeled TV sponsors that six distinct and different brands of cigarettes were freer of coal tar, Tabasco sauce, and other foreign substances than their rivals, 31 per cent were giving their all for toothpastes that were almost indecently kind to the gums, 11 per cent were up to their Adam's apples in tests designed to establish the health-giving properties of various brands of beer, and the remaining 1 per cent were undergoing general overhauling. Looks like it will be easier to get the graft out of government than the graph out of advertising.

Another drastic shortage that is a direct result of all this research is reported by the manufacturers of white surgical jackets. Obviously, the man who announces that, according to the Umberufen Chemical Company's charts, Whatchamacallit Cigarettes ruin the digestion only 18-3/17 per cent as much as all competing brands, has to wear a white jacket or listeners are not going to believe him. They'll turn instead to the properly accoutred announcer who follows on the same network ten minutes later and proves by a new set of charts that the Umberufen's figures are more deceptive than those of the chorus in "Top Banana." As a result of this unprecedented run on white jackets, Dr. Mortimer W. Twickham had to perform an appendectomy last week in his full-dress suit, though his nurse thought a cutaway would be more appropriate.

Speaking for myself, all this TV hokus-pokus about laboratory tests and violently contradictory charts and graphs is such an overwhelming bore that I am about to declare a one-man boycott against any product that resorts to same. I realize that this probably means no cigarettes, beer, toothpaste, or shaving cream in my life for a few weeks, but what's that to a man willing to suffer something for his principles?

As far as those mysterious dentifrice analyses are concerned, the only person in our family who doesn't turn the knob the second they come onto the screen is my Aunt Minnie, and she's had false teeth for the past sixteen years. Not that she's ever gotten a pair to fit. She took her latest set back to Dr. Pullman for regrinding only last Tuesday. "I'll do it again—for the sixth time," he told her resignedly, "but I assure you they won't possibly fit in your mouth as well as they do

now." "Who said anything about my mouth?" inquired Aunt Minnie angrily. "They don't fit in my glass."

ONE BOOK OF A HIGHLY scientific nature has come along recently to make publishing history. It's a book priced at $5 that can appeal to perhaps 350,000 people in all, but has achieved a sale of almost 200,000 copies in two years! That's an example of book saturation that seems unbelievable to publishers who usually go out and celebrate if they can sell 100,000 copies of a lusty novel that has a potential market of over a hundred million adult Americans. The title of the wonder book is "The Merck Manual of Diagnosis and Therapy." It is published by Merck and Company, Inc., of Rahway, N. J., makers of cortisone, vitamins, streptomycin, and a big array of other chemicals and drugs. "The Merck Manual" is an indexed volume of 1,592 pages, printed on beautiful India paper, and designed to aid doctors, dentists, and pharmacists in the diagnosis and treatment of diseases. It is not intended for the layman. I myself scarcely understand one word of it. It lists symptoms and other points to observe in cases of illness, and makes

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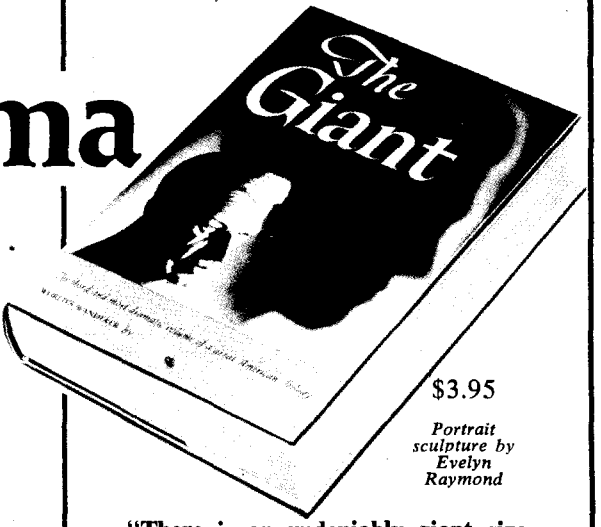

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"Indeed, Feikema is a novelist of power, a master of satire and a wizard at coining words, phrases and metaphors . . . Thurs Wraldson stands out among recent fictional creations both in largeness of conception and in dynamic intensity. There is a bit of Paul Bunyan in Thurs, a good deal more of Thoreau and Hamlet and still more of Rabelais and Whitman . . . THE GIANT brings Feikema's powerful trilogy of a midwestern Ishmael to an impressive close."—CHRISTOPHER MATTHEW, *Milwaukee Journal*

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University of Washington Press **Seattle**

specific recommendations for treatment, along with actual prescriptions. Merck doesn't expect to profit by this book. It is making enough out of its drugs. Its common stock has soared from 65 to the equivalent of over 200 (it has been split six for one) in five years on the New York Stock Exchange. The "Manual" is intended only to be of service to the country's doctors—and keep the name of Merck before them.

Assisting Merck in the technical production of the "Manual" was M. M. Geffen, who is also the editor of *Omnibook*, director and treasurer of the religious Book Club, panjandrum of the big printing house of Geffen, Dunn, and Company, and husband of a beautiful girl who beats the hell out of him in golf.

BERNIE HART is effecting a series of tie-ups with the better penitentiaries around the country whereby he will have exclusive distribution rights to the inmates of a new series of quarter reprints. They'll be called Pickpocket Books. . . . Somebody at *Park East* magazine came across a favorite novel in the new dress of an Avon twenty-five-cent edition recently. It was a novel by Terence Ford, originally published by Dial under the title of "He Feeds the Birds." Avon thought a minor change would bolster sales, and logically renamed it "The Drunk, the Damned, and the Bedeviled." . . . The Fireside Theatre Club (now distributing printed plays at regular intervals to 8,000 members) took careful note of the current popularity of maritime subjects and named as its editor Miss Nancy Briney. Predicts publicist Jay Tower: "Briney will keep us in the swim." . . . Sixth-grade kids in a Brooklyn public school were told to use the word "influential" in a sentence. One offered, "I dreamed I was in heaven, and influentials." . . . Effect of One World propaganda: a Chinese laundry not far from the *SRL*

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[*IV. The Minstrel—April, 1900*]
(From "The Harvard Advocate Anthology," 1950.)

The streets lead out into a mist
Of daisies and of daffodils—
A world of green and amethyst,
Of seas and of uplifted hills.

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Nor beaten down by cart and car,
But . . . . . .
They die upon the fields afar.

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This moving narrative of star-crossed love on a small Caribbean island is "distinctive in setting and characterization and, in particular, in the unassuming artistry with which Miss Pinckney tells the story." —MARY ROSS, *Herald Tribune*

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offices now delivers shirts, immaculately ironed, and encircled by a narrow blue strip of paper, bearing the legend, "Support the Hadassah"! . . . U. S. Customs officials, however, are more chauvinistic. John Jamieson, editor at the H. W. Wilson Company, tells of an English publisher who arrived in New York on business, but had a heck of a time convincing a customs inspector that his valise wasn't loaded with Communistic books. The inspector finally conceded that the volumes in question were free of any such taint, and then explained what had aroused his suspicions in the first place. It was the label on the Englishman's luggage indicating his destination: The Harvard Club!

AUTHOR UP OUR WAY near Mt. Kisco has a wife who is mad about animals, and when a male cat wandered into the house and showed every sign of becoming a permanent resident she was overjoyed. She rushed him to the local vet and had him altered, also treated him to a hair trimming and nail polishing. Unfortunately the real owner of the cat came to the author's for dinner three nights later; recognized his pet despite the considerable change in its physiognomy, and marched him home, mad as a hornet. The cat, undoubtedly, was even madder. . . . Another cat made news by strolling across the podium at the U. N. General Assembly while British

Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden was speaking a few hundred thousand well-chosen words. The intruder—probably a Pole-cat—was obviously bored, and soon marched off with his tail high in the air. The performance reminded Horace O'Connor of an occasion when John Kendrick Bangs, famous humorist at the turn of the century, was confronted with a similar situation. He seized the uninvited feline by the scruff of the neck, bore it out into the wings, and returned to tell his enchanted audience, "I was booked to deliver a monologue, not a catalogue." . . . Moran and Mack had a cat routine that delighted me. Moran claimed to own fifteen cats, and drilled fifteen holes in his dining-room door so he could get rid of them when he so desired. "But one hole would be enough," protested Mack. "The cats could exit one by one." "Nothing doing," concluded Moran firmly. "When I say 'scat' I mean 'scat.'"

CASHING IN HANDSOMELY on the great Shaw revival on Broadway is Shaw's official American publisher, Dodd, Mead. "Don Juan in Hell," formerly available only as an interlude in "Man and Superman," is now published as a complete play in itself, with a characteristically enlightening preface by John Mason Brown ($2). And Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" and Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," presented on alternate nights by Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, have been combined into a single volume, including four photographs from each play ($3) . . . . Other new Broadway plays in book form: "I Am a Camera," "Barefoot in Athens," "Remains to Be Seen," "Point of No Return," and "Paint Your Wagon." . . . At Christmas time playwright Crouse was bemoaning the effect of the new income tax levies on deserving playwrights. "Obviously I won't be able to live on my income in 1952," he sighed. "I'll have to dip into capital." "For God's sake, don't do that," warned Abe Burrows. "'Quo Vadis' is playing there!"

—Bennett Cerf.

The new novel by

John O'Hara

is the story of three women and five men thrown together for an evening of reluctant intimacy in a rural hotel during a violent snowstorm. The locale is the Pennsylvania country made familiar by Appointment in Samarra; the people might have stepped right from the pages of A Rage to Live and Pal Joey.

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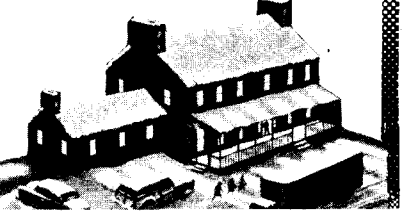

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 450

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Exery letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 450 will be found in the next issue.

EXTGN VUVLQNCRJS HN

WVHMN XJFV VUVJ EXZJ

NX NCV ILXIXMRNRXJ

"NZRFV NZX HLV DXTL."

—SVXLS F. WRFCNVJGVLS.

Answer to Crypt No. 449

We promise according to our hopes and perform according to our fears.

—La Rochefoucauld.

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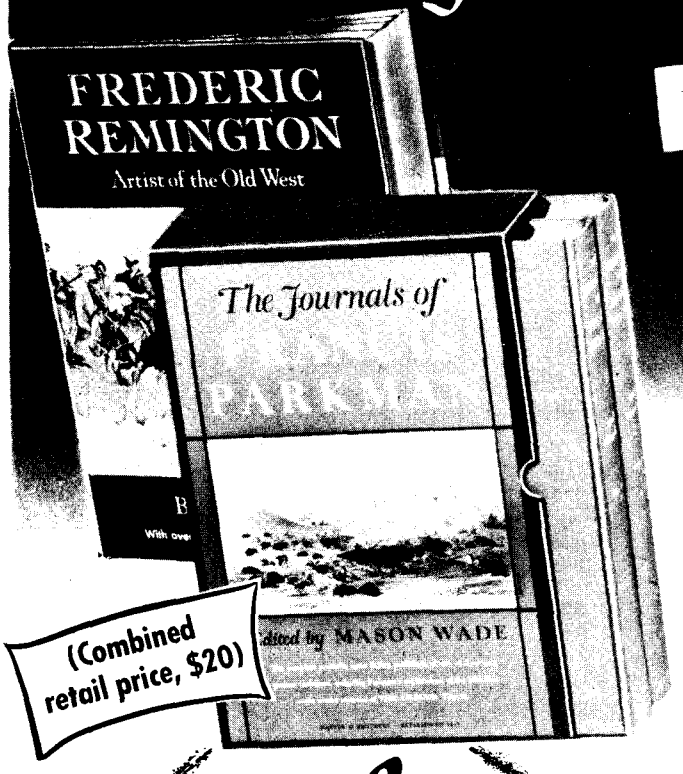

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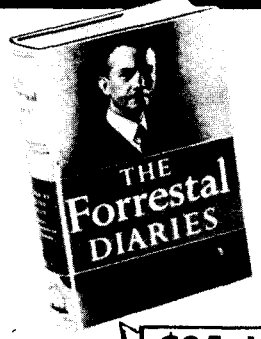

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Faith vs. Doubt in Literature

VAN WYCK BROOKS

—Spotpix.
Van Wyck Brooks

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In reviewing Van Wyck Brooks's "The Confident Years" in these columns four weeks ago Professor Robert E. Spiller emphasized "the great consistency and importance" of its last two chapters. "Mr. Brooks steps down from the historian's rostrum to make clear the critical purpose of the whole series" of which "The Confident Years" is the concluding volume. Because* SRL *believes that the credo therein expressed summarizes with rare discrimination the issues at stake in American literary and esthetic life of our time, it takes pleasure in presenting herewith, by special arrangement with the author and E. P. Dutton & Co., the publishers, a section from the concluding chapter.*

WHEREVER one looks, in literature or life, there are two contrasting types and points of view—of which Flaubert and George Sand are leading examples. Flaubert was convinced that men were innately depraved; George Sand believed in their natural goodness. Flaubert felt nothing but contempt for the masses and consigned them to the devil, caring to save only the mandarins, the remnant, the elite; George Sand, optimistic, liberal, sympathetic, sanguine, hoped for the regeneration of society through the action of the will. She never ceased to look for the renovation of humankind by some religious softening and ripening of the heart, and she saw in literature an instrument of social salvation, while to Flaubert, who hated democracy and the stupidity of men, literature was an escape from the meaningless chaos of existence.

What George Sand was defending, of course, was the system of ideas of the French Revolution, ideas, already hackneyed in her own youth, which had nevertheless become fresh again when Romain Rolland wrote the novel that Ezra Pound, in turn, described as "bunk." For behind "Jean-Christophe" were the notions of liberty, equality, fraternity that Flaubert had rejected two generations before and that another generation rejected, with Pound and T. S. Eliot, in the dark epoch that followed the First World War. One of these two frames of mind spoke for a time of revolution that hoped and believed too youthfully and too much; the other spoke for a post-revolutionary time when these hopes had fallen inevitably short of their mark.

In terms of the twentieth century the frame of mind of George Sand recurred in Romain Rolland, Wells, and Shaw, as in countless American thinkers, novelists, and poets, while the Flaubertian outlook on life succeeded this after the war in Proust, in Joyce, in Eliot, and many another. Defining two great types of men, this was the contrast, in other words, between those who believe in perfectibility and those who believe in the doctrine of original sin, and it paralleled that other contrast of which Albert Schweitzer made so much between "world-and-life affirmation" and "world-and-life denial." The life-affirmers, as Schweitzer saw them, were those who were impelled to serve mankind with lively hopes of a spiritual and physical progress, while the life-deniers were those for whom existence was merely a stage-play or a pilgrimage through time to the eternity that is really home.

TO carry the parallel further, it might be said of these two types that one looked forward historically and the other backward that for one the ideal society lay in the future while the least evil for the other lay in the past. Here, too, George Sand and Flaubert carried out their parts, for George Sand was a consistent Utopian, expecting the future to realize her hopes, and Flaubert was all for "returning" to the "great tradition." By this he meant authority, "legitimate aristocracy," a "government of mandarins," as the "only reasonable thing," for he disliked the Enlightenment as he disliked "progress."

These two diametrically opposed points of view are represented, at the dawn of American history, in the persons and ideas of Hamilton and Jefferson. Hamilton stood for authority, regarding "the people" as a "great beast." Jefferson believed in freedom and the brotherhood of man. It was Hamilton's distrust of human nature that lost him the leadership which Jefferson assumed in the conduct of American affairs, and Jefferson won the day in America because of his trust in human nature, a confidence that was bred by the conditions of American living. But Jefferson was mentally a child of the Enlightenment that had opened the way for the

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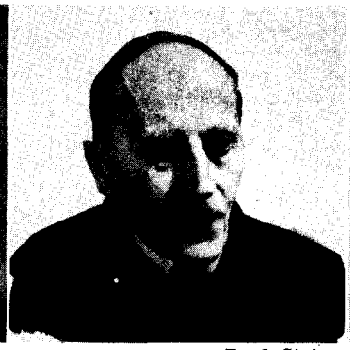
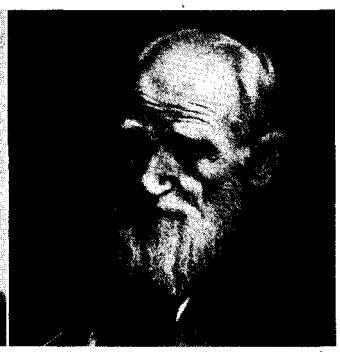

—Fred Stein.


—Karsh.

George Sand's frame of mind recurred in Rolland, Wells, Shaw—". . . believed in the natural goodness [of man]."

American and French revolutions, as the Enlightenment in turn was an outgrowth of the Renaissance, which restored the trust of the ancients in the world and themselves. For the rediscovery of Greece and Rome by the humanists of the Renaissance dispersed in countless hearts the slave-mindedness and fear, produced in part by a general belief in the imminent end of the world, that had so largely governed the Middle Ages. It was this new confidence in life that enabled Hugo Grotius to establish the science of international law on a fundamental faith in human goodness. That man was by nature and inclination the friend, not the enemy, of his fellow-man and that peace, not war, was the normal condition of mankind—this was the root of Grotius's argument and a belief that he held in common with countless modern anthropologists. Grotius was not acceptable to those who saw man as radically corrupt, as the *homo homini lupus* whose evil disposition had necessarily to be controlled by the external power of the state. Yet the law of nations continued to be based on his teaching.

It was precisely in this faith that America came into existence, affirming the capacity of men to govern themselves, and the main body of American tradition, as literature expressed it, exhibited this faith to the beginning of the First World War. William James, with his suspicion of absolutes and dogmas, continued the line that had run through Emerson and Whitman from Benjamin Franklin and others a century before, believing that, since "morality, compassion and generosity," as Jefferson said, are "innate elements of the human constitution," men could dispense with authority and be trusted with freedom. This was the meaning of Paine's remark when he said that his object in "The Rights of Man" was "to raise men to their proper rank," a feeling for the potential in them as more important than anything else that was aboriginal, or seemed so, on American ground. Had not Rousseau himself derived his conception of the "noble savage" from his reading of the Jesuits' relations of their dealings with the red men? This faith accompanied an expansive sense of equality and human brotherhood that was generally held to distinguish America from Europe.

In certain ways the twentieth century repeated the pattern of the tenth, when millions believed that the end of the world was at hand, for this was no longer the *fin de siècle* but the *fin du monde* frame of mind, expressing a sense of the imminent end of all things. Even H. G. Wells, the inveterate Utopian, had lost all hope before he died, convinced at last that the world was "at the end of its tether." Wells had foregone his old faith in the plasticity of men, and for him the jaded world was devoid of recuperative power and the human story had reached its final page. How many seemed to agree with him! For Cyril Connolly the "message of the Forties, from which, alas, there seems no escape," was "It is closing time in the gardens of the West, and from now on an artist will be judged only by the resonance of his solitude or the quality of his despair." As long as this mood endured what else could be expected?—and how could one look for a change in the minds of writers as long as the phenomena that caused this mood endured?

ALL this accounted for the singular power that T. S. Eliot exercised over the minds of people in his time —the poet of "The Waste Land," the "immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history," as he once put it. That Eliot felt he was "living in a dying civilization," as a certain Bengali poet said, was enough in itself to explain his vogue when so many had thrown up the sponge and surrendered all faith in humanity and all hope of the future. That he virtually agreed with Paul Valéry's remark, at their last meeting "Europe is finished," was rather consoling than otherwise in a time of despair—the despair that is almost as pleasurable as love or hope—when a multitude shared the contempt with which he spoke of "the way the world ends"—"not with a bang but a whimper." Eliot wrote "as though he were saying, 'If men are such as they are, let them go where they deserve to be,'" a Greek critic observed of the

(*Continued on page* 34)

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—Elliott & Fry.

Flaubert's outlook on life succeeded in Proust, Joyce, Eliot—". . . convinced that men were innately depraved."

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Ideas & Studies.

To most of the people who call the twentieth century home, their own era seems the most troubled in human history. The authors of the books reviewed here have undertaken to discover why this is so and what can be done about it. Fritz Sternberg, author of "Capitalism and Socialism on Trial," believes capitalism is on its last legs and the only cure for the world's ills is for Europe to adopt Democratic Socialism. Bertrand Russell offers specific suggestions and a general approach to life in "New Hopes for a Changing World" (page 14). One of man's conflicts, Russell believes, is with the darkness of his own mind. Two books which may help him in this struggle are Erich Fromm's "The Forgotten Language" (page 15) and Bonaro Overstreet's "Understanding Fear in Ourselves" (page 17). G. N. M. Tyrrell believes that reason alone is not enough to solve man's problems. In "Man the Maker" (page 16) he proposes other resources.

For a Planned Economic Society

CAPITALISM AND SOCIALISM ON TRIAL. By Fritz Sternberg. New York: John Day Co. 603 pp. $6.50.

By Seymour Harris

IN this six-hundred-page, 350,000-word book—and an important book it is—Fritz Sternberg develops one theme, with many variations. Capitalism is in grave danger. The source of its difficulties lies in its failure to provide the markets for the products which this Frankenstein yields. In the past imperialism (*i.e.*, foreign investments and exports of goods and control of economies of potential competitors) and war have solved the problem, at least temporarily, for Western Europe. But imperialism offers the United States only a modest contribution even if this country were prepared to indulge in imperialism. Armaments and war are another temporary way out. But as Engels said, and World War I ushering in Fascism and World War II breeding Communism have both demonstrated, war also shakes the foundations of capitalism.

Is there any solution? For Sternberg it lies neither in Communism, supported by a dictatorship of the few and now devoid of progressive elements, nor in capitalism, which has not shown any capacity to deal with the market problem, short of the dangerous and inequitable recourse to imperialism and war. Democratic Socialism in Europe is for him the cure of the world's ills.

Democratic Socialism in Europe would be a third force, gradually amassing strength, particularly if bolstered by United States aid, until finally Western Europe would be more than a match for the Iron Curtain. In this book Sternberg does not spell out why Democratic Socialism, a planned economic society, would solve the market problem (i.e., shortage of buying power), which capitalism cannot. The answer lies undoubtedly in the capacity of the Socialistic state to keep profits down and wages and farm income up, with the result that there would be no goods without buyers. (The low income groups spend their income; the high income groups save large parts.) In elaborating on the difficulties of British Socialism, Sternberg nevertheless emphasizes the improved distribution of income achieved by the British. He might also have pointed to the high level of employment, the moderate inflation, the stimulus of export trade and investment, the latter two also contributing towards adequacy of demand.

Justus in The Minneapolis Star.
"That Immutable Law at Work."

Even Sternberg allows, however, that the establishment of Democratic Socialism in Europe is not likely. First, because the Russians will oppose in every conceivable manner the growth of a unified Western Europe, under the banner of Socialism or under any other banner. Second, because the United States, determined to prop up capitalism wherever it can be found, also fights Socialistic tendencies on the Continent. Socialization of the Ruhr, the author tells us, was a promise made by Bevan in 1946; but the British public servants administering the Occupation, with a strong assist from the United States, put the Nazi collaborators back into the driver's seat. Along similar lines, Sternberg explains the inadequacy of British Socialism. With but 10 per cent of the world's industrial output Great Britain alone cannot carry through a Socialist experiment. Just as Lenin and Engels expected the Great Revolution to start on the Continent and be followed in Russia, just as they predicted (according to Lenin) that a Revolution isolated in Russia could not survive, so British Socialism, crushed between the pressure of Russian Communism and American capitalism, must capitulate.

Why, the reader may ask, does Sternberg need six hundred pages to present this relatively simple thesis of inadequate demand, which clearly has borrowed much from Marx and in variant forms has been presented by Malthus, Hobson, Keynes, Hansen, and others? The answer is that the author writes an elaborate and interesting economic history of the world, country by country, period by period, to prove his thesis. In the first half of the nineteenth century Europe was shaken by epic crises. Why? Because industrialization had not been accompanied by rises of wages and of demand required by the increase of supplies. The second half of the nineteenth century proved to be relatively free of destructive crisis and depression; for in this period the rise of real wages (and hence large buying power) and a vast imperialistic program contributed importantly to the expansion of markets. After World War I, however, Europe began to feel the shortage of demand once more. The underdeveloped countries, impoverished in part as a result of selfish policies of Western Europe, were not growing any more; the capitalistic countries accounted for 30 per cent of the

Seymour Harris, professor of economics at Harvard, is the author of "Saving American Capitalism" and "Foreign Economic Relations of the United States."

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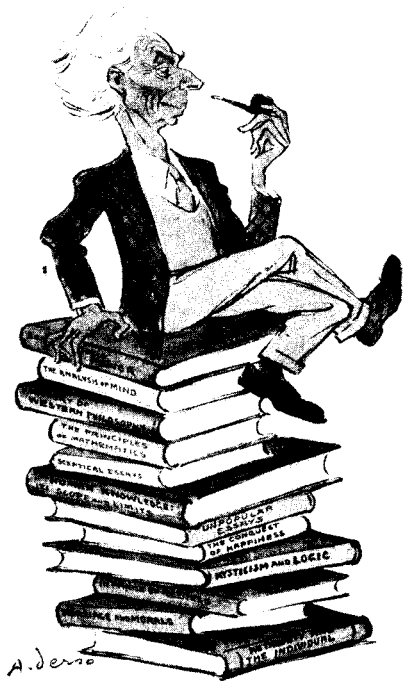
world's population, as compared with 10 per cent in 1850, and hence needed much larger outside markets, not shrinking ones; the important markets in Eurasia were largely closed to them; and United States capitalism and Japanese imperialism successfully exploited Western Europe's markets.

With a lag the United States encountered similar problems of deficiency of demand. Until the 1920's development within the country provided an outlet for the vast outpourings of goods. On December 4, 1928, Calvin Coolidge, in his State of the Union address, made a bad forecast: "No Congress of the United States ever assembled has met with a more pleasing prospect . . . the country . . . can anticipate the future with optimism. . . ." The year 1929 brought a crisis which shook the capitalist world. Its uniqueness lay in its tremendous effects on all capitalist countries. They all floundered together, with no one able to help others. In the Thirties the United States and Great Britain were unable to liquidate the crisis. By recourse to revolution and an unprecedented military program Germany not only liquidated the crisis but provided full employment, though at standards of living below those of prosperous times. New Dealism was merely an attempt to treat the wounds with iodine and bandages but not to diagnose the disease and offer therapy.

For Sternberg the future of American capitalism is dark. The tremendously productive economic machine needs large outlets. Even the twenty billion dollars spent annually on armaments and foreign aid before Korea is not nearly enough to solve the problem of inadequacy of demand in a three hundred billion dollar economy. Even if intent on imperialistic adventures, the solution is not likely to be found in foreign trade. The underdeveloped countries are not amenable now. Foreign trade traditionally has been relatively unimportant to the United States. In fact, concerned over large military outlays, the United States Government is not disposed to embark on large programs of foreign aid except for military purposes.

Americans, and particularly American businessmen who are disposed to pooh-pooh the Keynesian problem of demand and forget the large contribution made by more than four hundred billion dollars spent on armaments and war in the Forties in support of demand, should do some homework on "Capitalism and Socialism on Trial." How is the gap of sixty-five billion dollars now spent on war to be filled when the Russians become reasonable? Or is the solution to lie in ever-increasing armaments as our economy becomes more productive? In the absence of planning (and war) can we avoid a major crisis once outlays on armaments decline, a crisis which would pull the rest of the capitalist world down with us?



—By A. Derso.

Bertrand Russell—"serene meditation."

I am not implying that Sternberg has sold me his bill of goods without any rejections. For example, the evidence presented does not prove to my satisfaction that the low wages in 1800-1850 and the high wages and imperialism in 1851-1900 were the decisive factors accounting for crisis and then for prosperity. He fails to stress adequately the productivity of the advancing capitalist system in the second half of the nineteenth century, with its large investments and rising productivity. Nor does he give any precision to the contribution of imperialism, *i.e.*, the excess of exports.

Even more important, he fails to suggest alternative solutions. Is it not possible, for example, that technological advances and hence acceleration of the obsolescence of plant and equipment; improved tax structure; a five to ten billion dollar annual foreign aid program over twenty-five years; a moderate armaments program; increased recourse to services (relatively unproductive and labor consuming), and more leisure— the latter two largely to absorb gains of productivity—might solve our problem for the next twenty-five years? But we would be fools to assume these would come automatically. In short, Sternberg offers a purgative to the adherents of the automatic school when possibly a laxative might do.

Mankind's Conflicts

NEW HOPES FOR A CHANGING WORLD. By Bertrand Russell. New York: Simon & Schuster. 213 *pp.* $3.

By Brand Blanshard

BERTRAND RUSSELL is a Nobel Prizeman for literature, a member of the Order of Merit, a medallist of the Royal Society, an earl, and probably the most distinguished living logician, mathematician, and philosopher. When such a person speaks, with eighty years and some forty books to his credit, one expects something ripe and wise, and here one will not be disappointed. This is one of Russell's wisest books, a serene meditation at evening on the state of mankind. Our troubles are due, he thinks, to the conflicts we are waging; and the chief conflicts are three kinds, that between man and nature, that between man and man, and the inward conflict each of us wages with the dark forces of his own mind.

As for the conflict between man and nature, it is being won in the civilized countries at amazing speed. Most of the diseases, for example, that used to decimate populations have been conquered; when American medical knowledge was carried to Japan after the war, the Japanese death rate fell from 15.58 to 11.96 in the space of two years. What threatens to defeat all our efforts is the way in which population figures are running wild. "Every day there are 70,000 more people in the world than there were the day before; every year there are 25 million more." When the mouths to feed multiply at this rate, as they do above all in Asia, any improvements in means of production are wiped out as they arise; hunger and poverty remain where they were; and the people look across at the prosperous West with more and more envious resentment. "Paradoxically, the menace is greatest where white men govern non-white populations, as in Africa, formerly in India, and now Japan. In such countries white men, by medical science, diminish the death rate but not the birth rate; they thus accelerate the plunge toward misery and attendant revolutionary fury." This problem, says Russell, "must be dealt with by means of universal birth-control." Religious opposition to such a program he regards as bigotry; a Catholic "who walks through a Chinese village, and sees the children with distended stomachs

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Brand Blanshard, professor of philosophy at Yale University, is the author of "The Nature of Thought."

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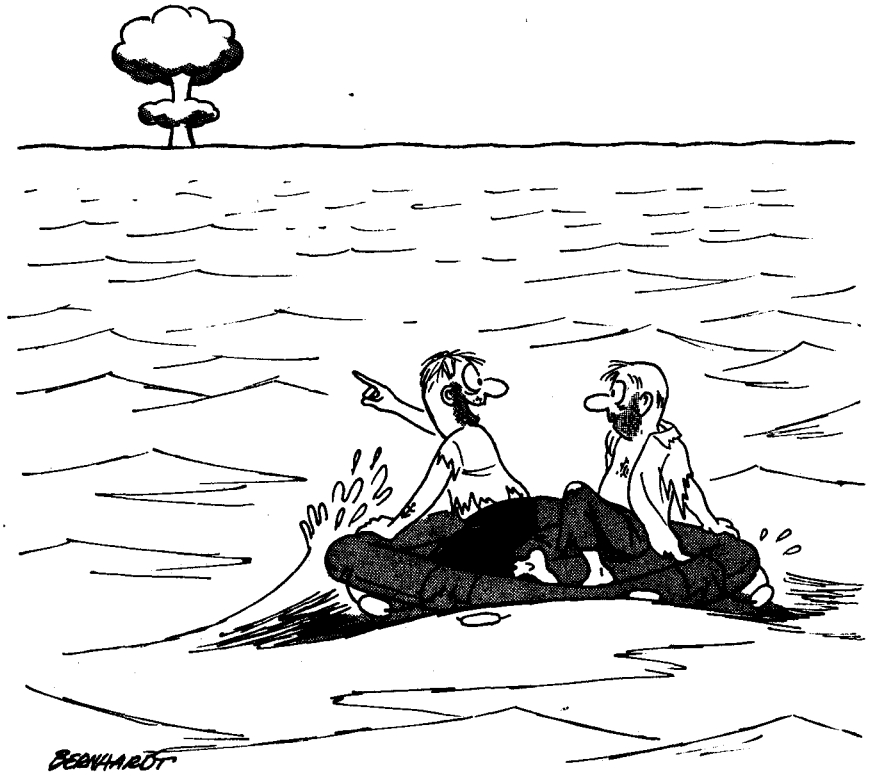
from eating earth because there was nothing else to eat . . . would find the dogma compelling his cruel creed unbelievable."

Of the conflict between man and man the chief example is war. Is there any hope for its elimination? Russell once thought that it could be eliminated by pacifism, but Hitler and Stalin have changed that opinion; he now thinks that disarmament would invite submergence by Communism, which has made itself inaccessible to reason by cultivating nationalism, hatred, and the manipulated mind. "There is only one way in which the world can be made safe from war, and that is the creation of a single world-wide authority, possessing a monopoly of all the more serious weapons." Russell does not think a world government possessing this power can be arrived at by agreement, because nationalism is too strong. It will probably come through the dominance of some nation that will impose a Roman peace and will gradually admit others to a share in its control. There is some hope for such a government if the West should conquer Russia and the war did not wreck civilization. Such a war now seems probable, but it may still be averted if the West can arm itself without sacrificing its standard of living, and America can avoid provocation. Russell regards MacArthur and his policy as a major menace.

As for the conflicts man has to wage within himself, the greatest is with his fears. We are secretly afraid of the aggression of others, but those others are aggressive because they too are afraid. "Rivalry, envy, and competitiveness are all based upon insecurity, and therefore upon fear"; even our morality, with its stress on guilt and sin, is a fear-morality. All this seals up the spontaneous joy of life in a perpetual frost.

In the concluding chapters of his book Russell makes a plea for thawing the ice in both children and adults. "The child needs two things above all else: one is freedom to grow, the other is security. Security comes to children from affection and routine." Americans should abate the "quite irrational and unjustifiable admiration of hemen," which interprets gentleness and justice as weakness. We should be twice as happy if we could be merely reasonable; if, instead of disliking other races and manners because they were different, we could manage to be tolerant of them; if we could indulge our enthusiasms while keeping our angers and envies kenneled; and if we could form the habit of looking at things in the large. "The child lives in the minute, the boy in the day, the instinctive man in the year. The man imbued with history lives in the epoch." The true philosopher lives "in eternity," in the sense that he sees his own little frets and ills for what they are, and thus is above the battle even while fighting it. That is a high line, and not many people, even philosophers, can translate it into practice. Russell apparently can.



"Cheer up, Gilbey—we're close to civilization!"

Dream Symbols

THE FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE. By Erich Fromm. New York: Rinehart & Co. 263 pp. $3.50.

By Bonaro W. Overstreet

WE CAN begin this review where Erich Fromm begins his book—with the fact that modern man has lost the ability to be puzzled. With a profoundly restricted sense of what is "practical," what is "nice," and what is "scientific," man today refuses to be aware of any aspects of his own nature save the obviously useful and socially acceptable. He thus denies ownership of a multitude of thoughts and impulses *that are his own.* When these impress themselves upon him in dreams—or in slips of the tongue in his waking hours—he calls them nonsense. When they try to speak to him through the language of myth and fairy tale, he dismisses them as primitive, as belonging to the childhood of the race and as suitable, now, only for the entertainment of children. Self-trapped within the obvious, he tenaciously discounts the very clues that might lead him to a more subtle self-awareness and self-acceptance.

In this book Erich Fromm invites us to relearn the forgotten symbolic language of dream and myth. He is not the first to do so. In this area, as in many others, Sigmund Freud was the great pioneer. The role of the pioneer, however, is to speak the initial startling word, not the final word; to open up new fields for exploration, not to make further exploration unnecessary. The very magnitude of Freud's contribution has tempted many to feel that it is almost sacrilegious to tamper with his conclusions. Yet we begin to see that those who do him most genuine honor are those who gratefully take his contribution as a starting point—and go on from there.

In his interpretation of dreams and myths Erich Fromm has gone far beyond Freud. The clue to his going is to be found in his understanding that "we are not only less reasonable and less decent in our dreams but that we are also more intelligent, wiser, and more capable of judgment when we are asleep than when we are awake." In brief, more aspects of our nature are ignored or disclaimed in our waking hours than Freud took

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Bonaro W. Overstreet is the author of "Courage for Crisis," "How to Think About Ourselves," "Understanding Fear," and other books.

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into account—not only the regressively indecent and destructive, but also those glimmers of insight that get lost because they seem irrelevant to our waking task "of mastering our environment, changing it, defending ourselves against it"; or because they are simply drowned out by the world's "noise."

True, we are helpless in sleep. Also, however, we are "freer than when awake. We are free from the burden of work, from the task of attack or defense, from watching and mastering reality. We need not look at the outside world; we look at our inner world. . . ." We are able, therefore, to talk to ourselves in a language at once more direct and more subtle than the practical language of public exchange. In our individual dreams, as in our racial myths, we employ symbolic language: "language in which we express inner experience as if it were a sensory experience, as if it were something we were doing or something that was done to us in the world of things." To relearn the well-nigh lost art of translating symbolic language is to gain familiarity not only with the darker aspects of our nature but also with the brighter aspects, with *all* aspects not commonly called into play by our grappling with "practical" affairs.

Where Fromm departs from Jung in his interpretation of dreams, he does not so much "go beyond" as take a basically different direction—though agreeing with Jung's statement "that the unconscious mind is capable at times of assuming an intelligence and purposiveness which are superior to actual conscious insight." Whereas Jung stated in his "Psychology and Religion" that "the voice which speaks in our dreams is not our own but comes from a source transcending us," Fromm emphatically makes us the creative agents of our own dreams. Whether or not, as Shakespeare declared, we are "such stuff as dreams are made on," it would appear true that our dreams—being *ours*—are such stuff as we are made of.

"The Forgotten Language" rises to a strong climax of interest in its later chapters, where Fromm reappraises the significance of various myths and tales, and the famous Oedipus myth in particular.

Years ago, Clarence Day wrote that even though a man has all sorts of virtues he still "belongs with the animals" unless he is capable of "depth after depth of sincerity in self-confrontation." It is to such sincerity in self-confrontation that Erich Fromm invites us in each book he writes; and this new book ranks high among those that have put us in his debt.

Eric Fromm and G. N. M. Tyrrell—"new insight into our nature."

Evolution & the Human Mind

MAN THE MAKER. By G. N. M. Tyrrell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 311 pp. $3.75.

By JOHN F. WHARTON

OUR views on civilization, government, and international relations all come back, in the last analysis, to our conception of the nature of man. Hence, any thoughtful book, such as this one, which offers a new insight into that nature, is important and should be studied by everyone capable of following the argument. Ironically enough, part of Mr. Tyrrell's thesis involves a demonstration of forces which tend to make people abstain from such study.

Space prevents a detailed exposition of this particular demonstration. I can only add one somewhat paradoxical comment. The way for thoughtful, intelligent people to discover why they are unable to read the book would be to read it—at least Chapters Five and Six.

Mr. Tyrrell's major thesis is directed to a point in the theory of evolution which he feels has been all too neglected, if not completely overlooked. Most people are ready to accept the proposition that human beings, along with all other life, reached their present form by a series of changes which adapted them to their environment sufficiently to enable the race to survive. In accepting that proposition they are usually thinking entirely of physical form and instinct. Mr. Tyrrell contends that the human mind has necessarily been subjected to the same process of adaptation. Furthermore, the adaptation was a limiting process; nature had to be careful that the thoughts of man did not outrun his current knowledge. When knowledge of the universe was limited, man's mental concepts had to be simple. A primitive race, all with minds equal to Albert Einstein's, would have given up in dismay at the prospect of having to deal with such a complicated, unstable universe.

This limiting process has now become a drag. It is today almost universally believed that our knowledge is dependent entirely on our five senses, and that through the five senses we can acquaint ourselves with the entire universe. This belief is admirably suited to that part of life concerned with physical action, as the success of modern science demonstrates. However, it is fatal to sociological problems, for it rules out all knowledge coming from the process of reflective thought, whether you call that process insight, inspiration, or divine revelation.

Mr. Tyrrell is hopeful that we shall soon break out of the prison of thought in which "the adapted mind," as he terms it, has locked us. When we do, he believes a new social consciousness and a new type of religion will develop that can be integrated with science and the whole of human experience. We can, therefore, class this as an optimistic book.

John F. Wharton, member of the New York law firm of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton, and Garrison, is the author of "The Explorations of George Burton" and "The Theory and Practice of Earning a Living."

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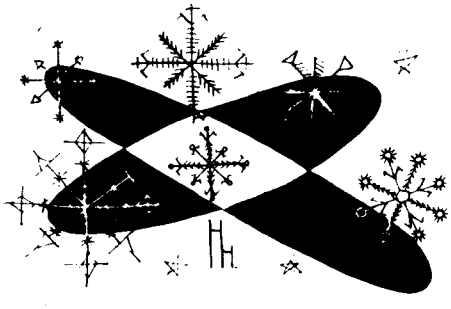
A Gifted Writer

MEMORIAL VOLUME OF AND BY ETTIE STETTHEIMER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 643 pp. $7.50.

By Ben Ray Redman

MISS STETTHEIMER's memorial volume, prepared by herself with the purpose of making sure that such a volume should exist, consists of a novel, "Love Days," first published in 1923 under the pseudonym of Henrie Waste; an autobiographical fragment, "Philosophy," published in 1917 under the same name; a doctoral thesis written at the Albert-Ludwig University, Freiburg im Breisgau, Germany, where the author studied under the inspiring philosopher-teacher, Heinrich Rickert; and four short stories, only one of which has been published previously. These diverse works introduce their readers to an unusual personality, a vigorous mind, and a gifted writer who seems never to have been quite sure in what particular field her talents could be most successfully exercised.

The story of Susanna Moore's search for happiness is a fascinating, irritating, sometimes brilliant, sometimes baffling novel. Susanna, whose self-love is her one romantic interest that is proof against disappointment, is the most exasperating of heroines; and the several styles in which Miss Stettheimer fluently records this extraordinary beauty's cosmopolitan and amorous progress range widely from excellence to its antithesis. We are fascinated by Susanna because of her unpredictability, because we can hardly help wondering what her creator will make her do next. But we cannot accept her as anything but an elaborate literary construction, the fabrication of an author whose imagination and intelligence are not harmonious; and we find ourselves agreeing with the friend who tells her, "when you are theoretical you are a little too naive to be bearable." Miss Stettheimer herself describes "Love Days" as "the story of an intelligent woman who, weakened under continual pressure from outside sources, gave way and got herself to believe what she wished to believe, surrendering her loyalty to herself;—how, through this act of treason she so corrupted her soul that when a chance for true fulfillment in love came to her, she no longer had the wholeness to understand the character of this love and receive it into her being." But I must confess that I cannot believe in Susanna's intelligence, or that she was the victim of outside forces, or that she was offered a final chance of fulfillment.



The doctoral thesis — a closely argued condemnation of William James's "voluntarism" or anti-intellectualism, written under the immediate influences of Rickert and Dickinson S. Miller—will convince any attentive reader that Miss Stettheimer was, in 1917, an exceptionally intelligent young woman; but it will hardly be chosen for attentive reading by any but students, or amateurs, of philosophy. As for the short stories, three of them are more or less amusing trifles, while the one that is not a trifle is not, in my judgment, wholly successful. Most readers will, I think, be best pleased by the "autobiographical fragment" which describes—with, perhaps, some fictional additions— the author's own experiences at the Albert-Ludwig University. Here we find Miss Stettheimer's writing at its best. The heroine of this narrative aspired to nothing less than a state of knowledge in which "every act" would "call up upon demand an illumined outline of ultimate purpose," and in which one would "know what one might desire and why, and thus be master of oneself to the extent of living without hesitations and doubts . . ." To that end she makes love wait upon learning. We may think that her worship of and faith in philosophy were perhaps excessive—even, in the final analysis, romantic—but the heroine commands complete belief, warm respect, and even affection.

The author of this handsome memorial volume looks on its miscellaneous contents—with the exception of the short stories—as a variously phrased defense of reason, a counter-attack upon the anti-intellectualism of our times. Whether "Love Days" will bear the weight of this interpretation is questionable; but "Philosophy" and "The Will to Believe" assuredly will.

Miss Stettheimer must find satisfaction in surveying her collection. Yet I cannot help wondering—and I wonder if she wonders, or knows—what it was that prevented so gifted and so actively intelligent a woman from achieving even more complete fulfilment as a writer.

Wisdom for Crises

UNDERSTANDING FEAR IN OURSELVES AND OTHERS. By Bonaro W. Overstreet. New York: Harper & Bros. 242 pp. $3.

By Stuart Chase

HARRY OVERSTREET and his wife Bonaro are close students of the new sciences dealing with man. He has recently written a wise and popular book about the mature mind, and she has now produced a companion analysis about understanding fear. It is a wise book, too, and deserves to be very popular.

Mrs. Overstreet tells of a deer grazing at the edge of their hayfield in Vermont. Suddenly it pricks up its ears, sniffs, and bounds over a stone wall, deep into the woods. The deer was afraid of something, probably with excellent reason. This kind of fear is a necessary part of its survival mechanism.

Human beings need this mechanism too; indeed, without it we should long since be extinct. But in addition we have piled up a host of *phantom* fears, which not only make life far more miserable than it needs to be, but often work in reverse to create danger. In such a scare-engendered proposal as a "preventive war" human fears may even threaten survival itself. No deer of course would be so foolish.

Mrs. Overstreet addresses herself primarily to the phantoms: what are the varieties, how did these fears arise, how can they be exorcised? Nothing could be more timely.

> If, today, we live in a time of crisis, it is in large measure because the fear-born follies of our individual and group pasts have piled up in the present. Errors of omission and commission crowd us now, demanding a swift new wisdom about destructive fears and the conditions that foster them.

The first half of the book outlines the problem; the rest concentrates on what we can do about it. Theory is supported by many specific cases, some of them dramatic. The treatment and admirably clear style are for the intelligent layman, but social scientists, too, will find no doubt the book stimulating.

Fear is a complicated phenomenon. The semanticist in discussing it would

(*Continued on page 39*)

Stuart Chase's books include "The Proper Study of Mankind" and "Roads to Agreement."

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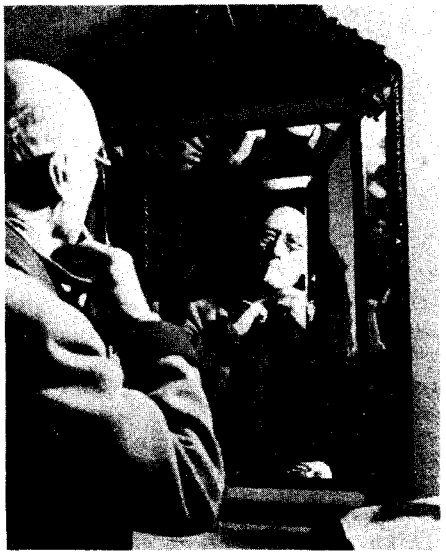
Belles-Lettres.

With the twentieth century already well into its third quarter, it is scarcely surprising that literary historians and critics are busy charting its trends and weighing its values. Thus far most of the stock-taking appears to be of Americans by Americans. A month ago Van Wyck Brooks concluded his monumental history of American writing with a chronicle and a credo of his own times in "The Confident Years" (see page 11). Another writer who questions the value of T. S. Eliot's influence on contemporary literature is Rossell Hope Robbins, author of "The T. S. Eliot Myth" (page 19). Two works by Frederick J. Hoffman and Harold C. Gardiner, reviewed on page 20, appraise the novel, while Louise Bogan has undertaken to sum up "Achievement in American Poetry" in the slim volume discussed on page 21. . . . André Gide's "My Theater" (below) reveals a side of the French writer little known in this country.



André Gide—"être de dialogue."

Intellectual Drama

MY THEATER. By André Gide. Translated by Jackson Mathews. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 275 pp. $4.

By Henri Peyre

ALL GREAT French novelists of the last century—Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, Zola—were attracted by the stage. So were most fiction writers of the present age, with the exception of Proust and Malraux.

The plays of André Gide never reached more than a limited audience of sophisticated amateurs. But they make excellent reading. They embody some of the finest merits of his prose, terse, restrained, subtle, and they express the most valuable message of that perpetual "être de dialogue," now moralist, now esthetician, now bent upon disturbing. In the rich history of the "Theâtre en Liberté," parallel to the legitimate stage and often superior to it, which tempted Hugo, the coiner of the phrase, Browning, Hardy, and Yeats among others, Gide holds an eminent rank.

A suggestive essay on "The Evolution of the Theater," first delivered as a lecture in Brussels in 1904, is appended to this volume. Another equally fine lecture on the importance of the public, given in Weimar the preceding year, should have been included also. The two essays provide an esthetic of a literary theatre, adverse to realism, fascinated by the classical unities, instilling a novel and often heretic significance into classical myths and Biblical themes, which has since won great acclaim. Such a drama leans heavily on ideas and too little on imagination or on will-power impelling the characters to action. It is dangerously complex, somewhat static and slow-moving, even when, as is the case with Gide, the dialogue is conducted with masterly skill. But the admirer of Goethe and the apostle of the devil did not heed Faust's writing: In the beginning was action.

"Oedipus," the driest of Gide's dramatic attempts, and "The Caves of the Vatican," with which he reached the French public on the eve of his death, have been omitted from this volume. "Persephone" and "Bathsheba" are lifeless creations too harmoniously overwritten. "Philoctetes," on the contrary, inspired by Sophocles and Fénelon and once brilliantly commented on in this country by Edmund Wilson, dramatizes a moral debate about "the wound and the bow" and the search for a definition of virtue, or rather of virtues. As intellectual drama splendidly written, blending irony and fervor, it is almost the equal of Gide's masterpiece, as yet regrettably untranslated into English, "The Return of the Prodigal Son."

"King Candaules" and "Saul" alone can claim to be true dramas. The first was acted before German-speaking audiences, but with scant success: it reminded them too much of Hebbel's "Gyges" and of too transparent Nietzschean teaching. The king insists upon showing his beautiful wife undressing to the fisherman Gyges, for he considers it to be robbing others to enjoy his happiness alone. But the queen, incensed, because she wants jealousy in the love that she inspires, drives Gyges to murder her royal husband. Political implications can be read in the king's betrayal of the privileges of his rank through wanting to share them.

"Saul" is richer in symbols and one of the most revealing works of Gide. It is the picture of the progressive disintegration of a soul. The Jewish king, disturbed and weak, unable to resist the call of the demons, is fascinated by the handsome young David who just triumphed over Goliath. He distrusts his wife and his feeble son, Jonathan. Vainly does the witch of Endor warn him against the faltering of his soul and against his imprudence in taking to heart what hurts him. "All that delights you is your enemy," she tells him in a typical Gidian saying. But Saul persists in annihilating his personality and unnerving his will. He fondly makes himself believe that his value lies in his complexity. Amid moods of poetical self-pity reminiscent of Shakespeare's sweet-tongued Richard II Saul perishes, "qualis artifex!" There are flashes of Shakespearean beauty in the drama, and dark recesses half-disguised by the clear purity of the outline. "Saul" and "Philoctetes" deserved to be made accessible in English, and Jackson Mathews has rendered them expertly.

Henri Peyre, professor of French at Yale University, is the author of "Writers and Their Critics," and other volumes.

Thieving Time

By M. A. DeWolfe Howe

NOW, thieving Time, take what you must—
Quickness to hear, to move, to see;
When dust is drawing near to dust
Such diminutions needs must be.

Yet leave, O leave exempt from plunder
My curiosity, my wonder!

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Critical Appraisal

THE T. S. ELIOT MYTH. By Rossell Hope Robbins. New York: Henry Schuman. 226 *pp.* $3.

By Ben Ray Redman

UNDER a provocative title Mr. Robbins has examined T. S. Eliot's claims to the reputation that he enjoys, and has turned in a verdict of grand literary fraud. His indictment is sweeping, his prosecution ardent. Quoting chapter and verse, he presents evidence to prove that Mr. Eliot's thinking and writing are quite unworthy of the respectful praise that has been lavished upon them; that Mr. Eliot is, or has been, anti-democratic, quasi-racist, imperialistic, devoid of sound historical sense, against universal suffrage, in favor of limiting higher education to a fit few, an admirer of some aspects of Nazism, an advocate of monastic orders, profoundly misanthropic, a tradition worshipper, a hater of the world in which we live, a self-confessed bigot, a creator of obnoxious characters, a believer in Original Sin and the damnation of unbaptized infants, and who is "so fearful of the generative process that he can see only ugliness in sex."

His major defect, in all branches of his work, is obscurity; but "bogus obliquity" and "conscious obfuscation" have helped to build the Eliot legend —critical admiration having been in direct proportion to non-understanding of a writer whose contempt for human life is matched by his contempt for communication. Having first won his reputation with a handful of poems and a handful of literary papers, written many years ago, his thinking and writing have steadily declined in quality. Increasingly his non-dogmatic poems have been loaded with a religious content that is meaningless to all but a few readers, while his later essays exhibit little originality or profundity of thought. Every chapter of "Notes Towards the Definition of Culture" can be shown to be "woolly and confused." Apart from its novelty, "'Murder in the Cathedral' is poor theatre"; the characters of "The Family Reunion" are lifeless mouthpieces speaking for their author; "The Cocktail Party" presents arguments that are indefensible and a view of life that is anti-human. Shunning the real experiences of this difficult world, Mr. Eliot has turned to literature as if it were life itself, and at the very moments when he should rise to the height of his creative powers he is content to use the words of others, with a borrower's freedom that comes close to plagiarism. He ignores the conclusions to which his arguments inevitably lead, is guilty of incessant self-contradiction, and is so idiosyncratic in his literary judgments that it is impossible to think of him as a sound critic.

Much of what Mr. Robbins has to say about Mr. Eliot's thought and preaching is, I think, indisputable and well said. But I cannot believe that he is on sound ground when he asserts that the Eliot reputation is the result of an inflationary process fomented by conservatives and reactionaries. On the contrary, this reputation was largely established by readers and critics who were "advanced" in their political as well as their literary ideas, and who were startled by the famous "classicist, royalist, Anglo-Catholic" declaration of 1928. I also think that Mr. Robbins would have given us a better book if he had done a few things he has not done: (1) realized and stated that Mr. Eliot's social and political ideas are, in large measure, logically those of a member of the Roman or Anglo-Catholic communion who truly believes in Original Sin, looks on this world as but a preparation for eternity, and devoutly holds the priest to be a mediator between man and God; (2) given at least as much attention to the non-dramatic poems as to the plays; (3) come to closer grips with Mr. Eliot's literary criticism, and demonstrated the evasiveness, emptiness, and condescension of much of it; (4) pointed out the odd fact that the New Critics, supposedly so strongly influenced by T. S. Eliot, have seldom followed his critical practice; (5) avoided self-contradiction by not stating, on page 8, that "among his admirers there is what amounts to a conspiracy of silence, or at the very least a casual or purposeful disregard of the meaning of his poetry, his drama, and his prose," and then stating, on page 197, that every word of T. S. Eliot's has been "interpreted, expanded, eulogized." Mr. Robbins, too, might have done well to look twice at his reference to Meredith and Hardy as twentieth-century novelists; and he would have done even better to reconsider his remarkable suggestion that Mr. Eliot should be chided for failing to note, or perhaps even understand, that the French Revolution brought about "the destruction of feudalism." But—limitations and possible corrections aside—this is a vigorous work of criticism that will interest any reader who has ever concerned himself with the mind and nature and stature of T. S. Eliot.

Nietzsche Discovery

MY SISTER AND I. By Friedrich Nietzsche. Translated and introduced by Dr. Oscar Levy. New York: Seven Sirens Press, Inc., 254 *pp.* $4.

By A. K. Placzek

HERE, in an unpretentious format and bearing a title that suggests a Broadway comedy, is nothing less than a hitherto unpublished book by Friedrich Nietzsche. It is said to have been written while he was in the Jena Insane Asylum (1889-90); to save the manuscript from being discovered and suppressed by his ruthless sister Elisabeth, he entrusted it to a departing fellow-patient; the latter, attaching no importance to the scribbled notes of "the mad Herr Professor," left them to his son; the son, having emigrated to Canada, sold the manuscript to an ex-clergyman, who, in turn, gave it to a young American journalist as a reward for helping him to dodge the immigration laws; the journalist, realizing the unique importance of the manuscript, drew it to the attention of the renowned Oscar Levy, Nietzsche's chief apostle in England; Levy authenticated it, translated it, and wrote an introduction for it. In this he states that he cannot envisage any possibility of the book being published "while Elisabeth Foerster-Nietzsche is within such easy reach of a law book." That was in 1927. Elisabeth died in 1935, Levy in 1947. Nietzsche himself (incurable, but released into the care of his sister) died in 1900; since then whole libraries have been written about his work, his philosophy, his tragic medical history, and the enigma of his personal relationships. Only recently Thomas Mann used him as a model for Adrian Leverkühn in "Doctor Faustus"; and now, fifty-one years after Nietzsche's death, there falls into our hands what may prove to be the key to the whole problem.

The contents—250 pages of disjointed but surprisingly coherent paragraphs—are, to put it mildly, explosive. They deal largely with those two basic experiences upon which any deranged mind tends to dwell: childhood and sex. He describes in pathetic detail his incestuous relationship with his sister, which was instigated by her, it seems, at a very early age and which endured, emotionally at least, throughout his life, doing irreparable

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A. K. Placzek, a Viennese-born writer, is on the staff of the Columbia University Library.

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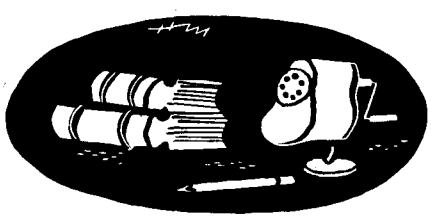
damage to his personality and effectually frustrating all his attempts to lead a normal sex life with other women. He writes vividly of his later love affairs—with the unnamed and perverted "Countess," with the brilliant and beautiful Lou Salome, with Cosima Wagner. We cannot tell, of course, whether these liaisons were matters of fact or hallucinations born of his disease. Interspersed amid all this are observations on various other subjects—art, nature, history, politics; some humorous, some witty, some tender, many heart-rending. He knew that he was misunderstood, demented, and lost. Philosophically, there is a retreat from the extreme position of his last phase; he seems to have been overcome by a realization of the ultimate futility of a mere doctrine of power:

"Humanity is bogged deep in bestiality: must I see my philosophy used to drive the human spirit deeper into the swamp? But I shall go stark mad and die before this tragedy takes place!" And "The irony of my life is that I praise the strong, sympathize with the weak, and bear an unquenchable love for the utterly helpless."

Several questions burn to be answered. How can Nietzsche in 1889-90 have written an outburst about his mother's death, which occurred in 1897? Why are we given not a single sample of the German text, which—especially to those of us who have been lifelong students of Nietzsche—would be stylistically unmistakable? Why is the only facsimile page of Nietzsche's handwriting taken from an early poem and not from the present work? Is it possible to gain access to the manuscript of Levy's introduction, which is presumably in the hands of his heirs or executors? What happened to the manuscript of "My Sister and I" between 1927 and 1951? And, above all, where is it now?

Altogether, an arresting affair. When this volume is known about in Germany, it will cause intense interest, no little outcry, and probably a justifiable demand for the publication of the original text. If—as the publishers clearly believe—this is a genuine Nietzsche work it must rank as one of the greatest literary discoveries of the twentieth century; if all concerned, including Dr. Levy, have been deceived, it is the most skilful artistic hoax since the Van Meegeren Vermeers.



A Half-Century of Fiction

THE MODERN NOVEL IN AMERICA 1900-1950. *By Frederick J. Hoffman. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co.* 216 *pp.* $3.

FIFTY YEARS OF THE AMERICAN NOVEL. Edited by Harold C. Gardiner, S. J. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 304 *pp.* $3.

By Robert E. Spiller

AS THE twentieth century moves into its third quarter, it leaves behind it a body of American literature that is worthy of comparison with almost any group of writings of any time or place. Furthermore, during these fifty years, the novel has moved up to first place among literary forms for range, depth, meaning, and technical versatility. A short history of the twentieth-century American novel invites speculation beyond the limits of its covers; two such histories invite comparison.

Mr. Hoffman's book is one of a series of six short surveys of types of twentieth-century American literature to be issued by the same publisher. As one of the two general editors of the series, he could, of course, write his own ticket, but he applies to his own book (potentially the bulkiest of them all) the same strict limitations he has imposed on the others. Compression, speed, and generalization from limited evidence mark every page, but so do clear perspective and a sense of historical progress. The hypothesis that the American novel learned from Henry James the technical control necessary to make effective Frank Norris's desire for "life" is applied to naturalistic novels from Dreiser to Faulkner and beyond. Throughout, Mr. Hoffman uses as guides the insights of his training in psychoanalysis and the New Criticism.

The second work, a compilation of sixteen essays, most of them critical appraisals of single novelists of the period, declares its purpose in the editor's first chapter, "A Christian Appraisal." Quoting Stuart Sherman (who had a slightly different idea in mind), Father Gardiner frankly declares: "We value our critics in proportion to the soundness and the abundance of their preconceptions and in proportion to the adequacy of their ulterior purposes." In about two-thirds of the essays, these "ulterior purposes" provide firm grounds for judgment of each author and his works, although the judgment in most cases is broadly humane (catholic in the general sense) rather than doctrinaire.

Neither book is objective history; both are criticisms in historical sequence or arrangement. Although their critical premises and principles differ drastically, Father Gardiner and Mr. Hoffman agree in using *a priori* methods, in their choice and general arrangement of major authors, and in their attitudes toward the naturalistic movement. They tell essentially the same story but they evaluate it quite differently.

Their lists of novelists to be included is almost identical. Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, Theodore Dreiser, and Willa Cather survive from the first generation; while the Bohemians, the historical romancers, and the drawing-room sentimentalists so popular in the first two decades of the century have disappeared. From the Twenties both books choose Sinclair Lewis, Scott Fitzgerald, John Dos Passos, and Ernest Hemingway. Mr. Hoffman takes time out for a careful analysis of the combined influence of Gertrude Stein and Ezra Pound while Father Gardiner includes an essay on John P. Marquand; but one may search the index unrewardingly for significant comment on Joseph Hergesheimer, Glenway Wescott, Hervey Allen, Kenneth Roberts, Vardis Fisher, and Louis Bromfield. Both books give the Thirties to Faulkner, Wolfe, Steinbeck, and Farrell (not Erskine Caldwell), praise Faulkner highly for slightly different reasons, and agree in condemning the other three for much the same reason. Both critics grant Norman Mailer first place among novelists of World War II, using this fact as evidence of a nearly complete decay of taste and value in this group of writers; and both have already forgotten Budd Schulberg and Ross Lockridge while trying to forget James ones. Finally, both books settle for the "novel of ideas" as represented by Robert Penn Warren as the best hope for the future. Mr. Hoffman adds first honors for Lionel Trilling's wooden "The Middle of the Journey," while Father Gardiner's contributor points with sounder instinct to the almost forgotten (because conventional) achievement of James Gould Cozzens. A check of other critical histories of this subject would confirm the conclusion that there is by now an established pantheon even though the gods composing it are worshiped with varying degrees of reverence.

Even more striking is the agree-

Robert E. Spiller, professor of English literature at the University of Pennsylvania, was one of the editors of the "Literary History of the United States."

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ment in these two books that naturalism is the villain in the story. If Mr. Hoffman did not reveal in his opening paragraph on Frank Norris's preference for "raw life" over "fine style" his own preference for "fine style" over "raw life," his concluding paragraph would make the point: "There is no reason to believe that the flood of naturalist novels should continue unabated in the future. . . . The opportunities for the writing of good fiction now seem even greater than they ever were before." But Mr. Hoffman is a better critic by instinct than he is by method. He often chooses the really fine book for critical discussion and then explores its "fictional strategies" rather than its meaning and value. He often spoils a good idea by use of wrist-smacking patter, and he avoids responsibility for exact critical definition by putting his terms in quotes without giving their source in this special meaning. These are bad habits of some of the lesser of contemporary critics, but good men also fall into a fashion. Fortunately his imperfect sympathy for naturalism influences his pronouncements on individual authors without seriously dislocating his historical perspective. A model of concise thinking and writing, his book has only the faults which its author has adopted as virtues.

Father Gardiner's company of critics joins Mr. Hoffman in attacking naturalism, not because they wish fine style, but because they seek a "spiritual answer" to contemporary "moral dislocation." They are more deeply aware than is Mr. Hoffman of the value of the modern restudy of the eternal tragic issues of human destiny, and most of them are content at the last with a lingering regret that the author and his characters failed to take the easy step from the human to the spiritual level.

There is not as much difference between the two books as one might expect because they both base the critical process on sets of predetermined values. That the two sets of values here represented are wholly different is not so important a fact as is the common critical process. Both books assume that naturalism in twentieth-century fiction is a state of mind which must be overcome before the novel can achieve its full stature. Actually, there is some doubt about whether there could have been a twentieth-century novel without the impetus and direction that naturalism from Frank Norris to James Jones has given it. A code of criticism which assumes that the central driving force of a literary movement is something to be overcome should itself be looked on with a healthy skepticism.

About Trends in Poetry

ACHIEVEMENT IN AMERICAN POETRY 1900-1950. *By Louise Bogan. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co.* 157 *pp.* $2.50.

THE INDIGO BUNTING: A Memoir of Edna St. Vincent Millay. By Vincent Sheean. New York: Harper & Bros. 131 *pp.* $2.50.

By Louis Untermeyer

MISS BOGAN's title gets her keen and remarkably compact book off to a bad or, at least, an off-balance start, for it soon becomes apparent that Miss Bogan measures "achievement" chiefly in terms of "the breakthrough of a modern esthetic" and hence regards "social content" with little more than bare tolerance. Stressing tone, texture, and techniques, faintly deriding "moralistic values" as leftovers from the Victorian sideboard, she is half-reluctantly but inevitably drawn to what was once praised as "art for art's sake" with its consequent accent on preciosity. Yet, in spite of her debatable approach, there can be no question about the rightness of her direction. Constant experiments may lead to strange twists and thorny turns, but it is a better guide to progress than a broad path flanked by immovable traditions. And it is no discredit to Miss Bogan that she is more at ease helping her readers through difficult terrain than she is on smooth and well-marked highways.

Miss Bogan is particularly persuasive when she charts the uncertain and often circuitous route traversed by American poetry during the last half-century. Widely traveled in the arts, she collates the influence of various mediums and significant forms: symbolist prose and verse, post-impressionist painting, functional architecture, atonal music, intransigent essays, and the exotically "primitive" ballet. Maintaining for the most part a severe impartiality, she recognizes the important part played by the vigorous "renaissance" (1912-1917), the forgotten "little magazines," and the voices of the torturted Twenties which "broke up more social and moral pressures than any comparable period of ten years in the past." Hers is the first measured tribute to the contribution of the once-overpraised and now belittled Imagists—an appraisal which is balanced, just, and historically correct: "The Imagists' admirable condensation, their attention to the matter in hand, their complete lack of literary dilution and confusion brought into immediate notice a clarity compared to which current 'magazine verse' seemed soft and shabby. By the time that formal metrics were again brought into use . . . the years of free verse experimentation had changed conventional English poetic procedures for good. The former insistent iambic beat was varied; the high pitch of poetic tone had been, as it were, lowered; a healthy fusion between light and serious verse had taken place."

Eminently precise and equally quotable are her appreciations of Yeats, Pound, and (particularly) Eliot. The intricate relations between Eliot and Pound and the contrary course of their careers are traced with unusual understanding; the accomplishments of such experimental talents as those of Hart Crane, William Carlos Williams, Wallace Stevens, and Marianne Moore are assessed with sympathy and analyzed with critical perception. Her brief but pithy judgments of the three Midwestern poets, Masters, Lindsay, and Sandburg, are neatly discriminating, although they make her estimate of Frost seem unnecessarily niggling. Even her praise of Frost sounds grudging when it concludes: "He began to

(*Continued on page* 38)

Louis Untermeyer has edited many collections of verse, including "Modern American Poetry" and "A Treasury of Great Poems: English and American."

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Publisher, J. R. Cominsky Associate Publisher, W. D. Patterson
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Notes on Associating with the Enemy

THESE are big days for political confessions, and I wish now to write about an experience that brought me in brief but friendly contact with the enemy. It was on the border of Red China, twenty-five miles above Hong Kong, and it happened about a year ago.

In Hong Kong I felt an irresistible curiosity to see what the border was like. This was where the Iron Curtain of Asia was slightly parted. I had heard that only a frail foot-bridge, lightly guarded, separated the peninsula above Hong Kong from Mao's China. We received the necessary authorization to visit the foot-bridge from the British Consulate but were told that British patrol protection ceased two miles from the border. Peninsular police might provide authorization and an escort for the trip through no-man's land—if we could persuade them, that is.

I picked a poor day for the trip. It began to rain shortly after we started; a cold, sharp wind did everything but blow us off the narrow mountainous road up the peninsula. Before we got onto the peninsula, however, we had to ferry across from the city of Hong Kong to Kowloon, where we were to pick up our car. The ferry ride takes about seven minutes; I was sorry it didn't last all day, for it seemed to me that this was the most colorful bay in the world. The white skyline of Hong Kong is sharply contrasted against the deep green and brown of mountains rising abruptly in bowl-like fashion from the city. Hundreds of ships of all sorts, sizes, and colors dot the harbor. Chinese junks with their square-rigged patchwork sails move alongside palatial ocean-going passenger liners. Sampans dodge out of the path of larger ships. The impression all this maritime traffic gives you is of a Times Square on the sea.

Out from Kowloon the road climbs steadily until, three or four miles out of the city, you are high up on the mountain and are able to look back on the spectacular panorama of the Hong Kong harbor. It is a narrow road, winding, twisting, and turning, and you travel three miles to go one. You have to be careful to hug your own side and watch out for large trucks from the other direction as they come shooting at you around the sharp curves.

The passenger cars thinned out rapidly. By the time we had gone ten miles we were the only private car on the road, going or coming. The trucks from the other direction continued to come at a rate of about two or three every five minutes. Most of them, so far as we could see, were empty on their way back to Hong Kong.

The countryside was alternately lush and barren. For a short stretch we would see Chinese farmers working over fertile fields, then we would come upon a long view of eroded and scarred land reaching out to brown and bony mountains in the distance. Then the country became rough and rugged, and you wondered how the British engineers had been able to carve a road out of such seemingly impassible and impossible terrain. Along about two-thirds of the way to the border we began to observe military posts and fortifications. Frequently little British Bren gun-carriers with tank-treads would come scooting along the road, the faces of their two-man crews red with the wind and the rain. We passed several military encampments, but we didn't see many troops. The general terrain is ideally suited to defensive military operations, but how long even the best-trained and well-equipped troops could hold out against overwhelming numbers is worth pondering. Publicly the British weren't conceding anything, but they viewed Hong Kong in global terms. If Hong Kong is attacked they believe it will be the signal for the Third World War. In such a war Hong Kong may have to be abandoned, as it was to the Japanese in the last war. But the British take a long-range view and are confident that their flag will fly over Hong Kong, one way or another, for some time to come.

THE last Chinese town on the Kowloon side of the border is Sheng-Shi. There is nothing to distinguish it from other Chinese towns and villages of the same size. Most of Sheng-Shi is spread out along the main road, with overhead banners lending it a somewhat festive air. The shops are one-story wooden structures with wide-open fronts. Inside may be found almost everything from oriental nuts to wooden water buckets. Most of the people on the street don't appear to be going anywhere in particular. There is a feeling of remoteness and calm that seems strangely out of place only a few miles from the Red China border. You wondered what impact this proximity had on the lives of the people, and, judging by appearances alone, you came to the conclusion that it wasn't very much. Just a few miles back on the same road, for example, we had stopped at another village to chat with the people, some of whom had never heard of the war in Korea, the invasion of Tibet, the United Nations, or the advent of atomic energy.

A short distance beyond Sheng-Shi is where no-man's land begins. There are no sentries or road blocks, merely a slab marker on the right side of the road saying simply: "To the north of this road out of bounds." We proceeded to the local police station to apply for a permit to go up to the border itself.

The police were pleasant enough but difficult to convince. Finally they decided to telephone police headquarters at Hong Kong for advice. It took about twenty minutes to put through the call. I went outside and walked around. The police station was a two-story stucco structure with crude gun turrets front and back. The yard was enclosed with a triple fencing of barbed-wire. In front of the police station was a water pump. Teen-age girls took turns at filling up large buckets and carrying them on poles

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ment in the continued sad story of opera economics this year, when the 1951-52 season's premiere had its artistic success again dampened by the rude facts of economics. Those who hoped at least to see and hear "Aida" on television turned their dials in vain.

People reportedly telephoned in droves to ask if the opera would be televised, but apparently no one called with the $80,000 it would have required to sponsor the telecast.

The following morning Jack Gould, radio editor of *The New York Times*, voiced the public's disappointment, but he also voiced more than a ray of hope for the future of opera on television. I could scarcely do the subject greater justice than to quote four paragraphs from Mr. Gould:

> The loss to television of one of the country's cultural treats cannot be blithely ignored, nor should it be. Last night's incident points up a fundamental question of increasing importance to the viewer: if a program does not fit within the present commercial structure of broadcasting, does it mean that the program must be lost forever to television?
>
> If commercial television as it now exists is forced to acknowledge its limitations, then the viewing public has every right to turn to a supplementary system of TV that is capable of meeting public demand: box-office television for the home.
>
> Culturally the promise of box-office TV is vast. If $1 were fixed as the fee for a whole family to enjoy a complete work by the country's foremost opera company, only 700,000 set owners—a mere 5 per cent of television's present audience—would be needed to return a gross almost equal to a whole season's budget for the Metropolitan. With a regular schedule of telecasts assuring an income in the millions the long uphill fight for opera's economic survival might easily become only a distant memory.
>
> Already there is abundant evidence that many viewers are willing to pay reasonable fees to see attractions of genuine quality and freshness rather than do without them entirely. Box-office television never would wholly supplant the programs which come into the home without charge, but it would provide a secondary and enlarged service that could enormously enrich the medium.

As has been reported in *SRL* by Robert Lewis Shayon, Zenith has perfected a system of box-office television which we call "Phonevision." Technically it can provide precisely the kind of solution which Mr. Gould suggests for the economic problems of the Met, and for related programs of the arts. We are hopeful, therefore, that before long we can turn Mr. Gould's encouraging visions into television realities.

E. F. McDonald, Jr.

Chicago, Ill.

Sir: Radio and television advertisers might well consider carefully the congruity of the program presented in relation to the product offered for sale. I have in mind particularly "The Halls of Ivy," a scholarly and sophisticated broadcast sponsored by Schlitz Beer. It must be that there are myriads of listeners—Protestant church members and others—who enjoy this program without the slightest response to the advertising appeal, which sometimes jars on the sensibilities, especially when, as on a recent broadcast, the commercial was in juxtaposition to a prayer (or shall we say petition?) by Ivy President William T. Hall.

Leaving aside the effect on all the boys and girls who have to listen continually to beer and cigarette advertising, let us endeavor to be constructive and suggest a substitute. Bearing in mind *SRL*'s recent editorial on the small returns from book-selling and the seasonal character of books as a commodity, what better program than "The Halls of Ivy," for instance, could be offered as a medium for books? Could not a coalition of publishers "gang up" and support such a program to appeal to the consumers they wish to reach?

F. H. Marlott.

St. Louis, Mo.

None Other Than J. Wesley Smith

Sir: I am convinced that I have solved one of the world's great literary mysteries. I refer to the identity of the "person on business from Porlock" who interrupted the writing of "Kubla Khan" and thus caused Coleridge to lose forever the inspiration for the remainder of his dream-poem. Who else could it have been but J. Wesley Smith?

Donald A. Bernstein.

Three Lakes, Wis.

Open Letter to Iglesias

Sir: I have just read with the keenest pleasure Antonio Iglesias's excellent article "An Open Letter to Montaigne" [*SRL* Dec. 22]. It is a delight to note that the author is contemplating a series of such "open literary letters" during this new year. I shall be looking forward to seeing them in your excellent magazine. Could you give Mr. Iglesias a gentle hint to include Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt, of whom he speaks so appreciatively, in some of the forthcoming series?

Gertrude Hill.

Sante Fe, N. M.

Simple Solution

Sir: In his Letter printed in *SRL* Jan. 5, Upton Sinclair does indeed suggest a very simple solution not only for the problem of American-Soviet co-existence, but for all situations of international tension. Let the other fellow admit that he is all wrong and that we are completely right, and proceed to act accordingly, and the whole thing is settled—just like that!

Henry Pratt Fairchild.

New York, N. Y.

"Never" Again

Sir: I wish Mabel C. Simmons [Letters, *SRL* Dec. 29] hadn't sent in that added stanza to my poem "Never," since it reopens for me what I had hoped to be a closed issue. Now, instead, she's tempted me to the following:

> Never try to tamper with a tapir,
> It's risky for he's frisky to a fault.
> He's liable to cut a wicked caper.
> Avoid him, for he's reckless in assault.

Frankly, I'm sick of the damn thing.

Melville Cane.

New York, N. Y.

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Seeing Things

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

—John Bennewitz.

Vivienne Segal and Harold Lang—"diamond-hard and diamond-bright."

"THE catastrophe is manifestly wrong, for an Opera must end happily," says the Player who at the end of "The Beggar's Opera" is horrified to learn that Macheath, the polygamist, highwayman, scoundrel, and jailbreaker, is to be hanged.

"Your objection is very just," replies the Beggar, thereupon arranging, however absurdly, a reprieve and having the prisoner brought back in triumph to the several women who think they are married to him. "All this we must do," adds the Player, "to comply with the Taste of the Town."

The taste of the town, whether in the London of John Gay's time or the New York of John O'Hara's, has almost always been in the realm of musicals for spangled nonsense, for plots with happy endings and no relation to life, and for sweet romances about young men and maidens who, however nitwitted, are passed off because of their virtue as heroes and heroines. This is why Mr. O'Hara must be welcomed with Mr. Gay as an innovator.

Did Mr. Gay ignore prettiness and choose a Hogarthian world of squalor for his scene? Did he stand the operatic convention of his day on its flat head by dealing lustily and uproariously with bandits, jailbirds, pickpockets, sluts, and rogues? He did, and with a result which, more than making Gay rich and Rich (his producer) gay according to the contemporary gag, has been cherished as a classic all these many years.

The musical play* which Mr. O'Hara fashioned eleven years ago from his *New Yorker* sketches, and for which Richard Rodgers wrote some of his most beguiling music and the late Lorenz Hart some of his most engaging lyrics, has already been accepted as a modern classic. Certainly his "Pal Joey" is the nearest Broadway has come to producing its own "Beggar's Opera." No less certainly, one of the surest sources of its enchantment is the utterly disenchanted evening it provides.

The night-club entertainer who is its central figure has no more relation to morality than Lady Godiva, at least on the occasion of a not forgotten ride, had to clothing. He is a cad, a heel, a braggart, a liar, a rabbit, and a gigolo. The world through which he moves is the world of hotspots in Chicago. With the exception of one nice girl who has the sense to turn him down, the people he knows are a shady lot. They include striptease molls, blackmailers, drunks, and a rich society matron whose habit is to forget that she is married and whose interest in young men exceeds the call of charity.

Mr. O'Hara observes these people and their underworld with brilliant and hilarious remorselessness. He writes about them with such commendable detachment and honesty that his book could probably stand on its own as a play without the aid of music. To make such an experiment would, however, be a pity. It would mean losing such delightful Rodgers and Hart songs as "I Could Write a Book," "You Mustn't Kick It Around," "Chicago," "In Our Little Den" "Take Him," and of course "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered." No one in his right senses would want to be deprived of such numbers as these. Or, for that matter, of the bursting vitality, the brassiness, and the humor of the dancing as directed by Robert Alton.

NOT all of us were bright enough to recognize the full merits of "Pal Joey" when it was first produced. I know I didn't, in spite of Richard Watts's valiant effort to make me see the light. It wasn't that I was shocked; it was merely that I was dumb. With bowed head and blushing face I have just reread the first-night review I wrote for the *New York Post*. I gather from that sorry notice that, though I enjoyed the first half, "Pal Joey" died for me thereafter. How completely I had missed the musical's point may be guessed from a line which complained that as the evening progressed Joey ceased to be a pal. What such a statement meant I have fortunately forgotten. One thing is certain. It was and is nonsense. Pal Joey was never meant to be the pal of anyone on either side of the footlights. Mr. O'Hara's title is a storm warning of ironies to come.

Before the initial production had run its course I did begin to realize I was wrong. How wrong, the current revival has made even clearer to me. For "Pal Joey" is far more than an enjoyable show. It is a distinguished

*PAL JOEY, *a revival of the musical play. Music by Richard Rodgers. Lyrics by Lorenz Hart. Book by John O'Hara. Dances and musical numbers staged by Robert Alton. Settings by Oliver Smith. Costumes by Miles White. Book directed by David Alexander. Entire production supervised by Mr. Alton. Presented by Jule Styne and Leonard Key in association with Anthony B. Farrell. With a cast including Vivienne Segal, Harold Lang, Lionel Stander, Helen Gallagher, Pat Northrop, Elaine Stritch, Helen Wood, Jack Waldron, etc. At the Broadhurst Theatre, New York City. Opened January* 3, 1952.

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contribution. It is distinguished in its music, its lyrics, its choreography, its writing, and once again in the manner in which it is acted, sung, and danced.

Vivienne Segal, as the Chicago matron, is if anything slimmer, trimmer, and more attractive than she was eleven years ago. Never dodging the sordid truths of the part, she projects them with a fine unfrightened gusto and yet maintains an assurance so quiet and well controlled that it has a dignity of its own. Right throughout the evening to the point of being irreplaceable, her singing of "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered" is a notable experience.

Harold Lang may fail to bring to the young night-club entertainer the dark driving power that Gene Kelly had. Even so, his Pal Joey has its own excellence. He is as conscienceless as he should be, a figure with the right, cheap charm and easy smile who is spiritually shoddy. No one who saw him in "Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'" can be surprised at his incredible skill as a dancer. Let the music begin and his response to it is immediate and complete. His energy is matched only by his grace. The law of gravity is one of the many laws his Pal Joey disregards.

IT may seem unfair to set this Rodgers-Hart-O'Hara work on a pedestal apart, when so admirable an underworld musical as "Guys and Dolls" is one of the current theatre's most popular and prized productions. But, without meaning to subtract in any way from the joys and merits of the latter, it must be confessed that there is a difference. Grandly tough and superbly gaudy as they are, the touts and tinhorns in "Guys and Dolls" have hearts as large as valentines. They are sentimentalists who just happen to be mugs.

No such inner core of tenderness is present in "Pal Joey." Equally delightful though it is, it is pitched in quite another key. The toughness of its characters is more than skin deep. Their minds are tough, their speech is tough, their hearts are hard, and their lives as calloused as their points of view. A major contributor to the evening's fun is the utter and undeviating honesty with which Mr. O'Hara has dared to record the sordid world and nature of his night-club entertainer. So unflinching is Mr. O'Hara, and hence so right, that "Pal Joey" has had no imitators. When it comes to predecessors, one must, as already pointed out, go back over all those years to John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera," which was also diamond-hard and diamond-bright.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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DOROTHY SARNOFF • DORETTA MORROW
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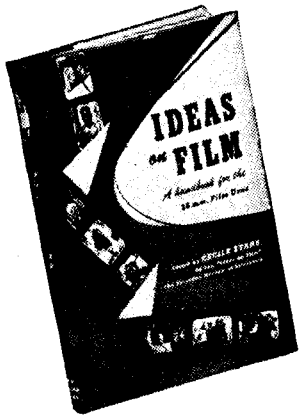

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IDEAS ON FILM

Edited by Cecile Starr

with a Foreword by Irving Jacoby

This authoritative new handbook for 16 mm. enthusiasts, brings you a compilation of 29 articles by more than 20 experts who appraise and discuss the problems and prospects of the documentary and educational film in this country.

It provides you with valuable ideas and worthwhile opinions about non-theatrical films from the people who make and use them—among whom are such experts as Willard Van Dyke, Amos Vogel, Glen Burch, Julien Bryan, Patricia Blair, Rudolf Arnheim.

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Covering basic ideas about documentary and educational films, their production and sponsorship, and their use by a diversity of groups in museums, public libraries, churches, schools, colleges, clubs, and in the home, industry and labor, Ideas on Film provides an up-to-date critical reference of outstanding representative films of the past decade with emphasis on the postwar years. Among them you'll find: "Nanook of the North", Toscanini's "Hymn of the Nations", "The Roosevelt Story" and "The Feeling of Rejection."

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Broadway Postscript

GEORGE KAUFMAN once defined satire as "what closes on Saturday night." While it may be stretching a point to call "Fancy Meeting You Again's" mild spoofing of reincarnation a satire, it can more or less be said that Mr. Kaufman has become the victim of his own witticism.

It must be admitted, however, that his co-author, wife, and leading lady, Leueen McGrath, glided through her role as unembarrassedly as if she had had no part in its writing. Since a girl as beautiful as she is could hardly believe in a character who takes 5,000 years to get her man to the altar, Miss McGrath's poise was possibly due to a slow melodic over-enunciation that seems to protect British actresses from playwrights' foolishnesses.

And foolishness this was. Undoubtedly, Mr. Kaufman felt himself under the compulsion to write a play whether he had anything to say or not, for what he did say was painfully meager and dispersed. From a new playwright such a piece might rate a rousing ho-hum for the brief moments of genuine comedy in the play. But when a man of Mr. Kaufman's reputation and adroitness makes the elementary error of following these really funny moments with lame bits of humor, it is time for some prolonged head-scratching.

* * *

Theatre-goers attending "The Shrike" (to be reviewed by John Mason Brown in a later issue) may wonder about the strange title. The program will merely state that the shrike is a predatory bird. However, Joseph Kramm, forty-four-year-old author of the play, has given us a fuller explanation of the appelation which was added to his script after it had been written.

"The Shrike," says Mr. Kramm, "is a bird who without malice impales its victim on thorns and eats out its brains. I think it symbolizes the kind of destruction that is visited on the man in the play, not just by his wife but also by the pressures in society which quite without malice force us all into hypocrisy and meaningless routine."

* * *

Another warning about misleading titles comes from Harold Clurman, director of ANTA's revival of "Desire Under the Elms."

"The love in the play is mostly lust and rape," he asserts, "and the only real 'desire' you have is for the getting of the deed to that farm."

* * *

"A Month of Sundays," the musical based on Victor Wolfson's play "Excursion," has closed for repairs. The producers hope to have it fixed in time for a Broadway opening late this spring. —HENRY HEWES.

Reformer

By Collister Hutchison

DAWN, it's not fair
To flaunt all of that gold
And ridiculous blue
Before poor little days
Who have nothing to wear
But dingy, old grays
That won't keep out the cold.
Dawn, it's shameful of you.
And all this to-do
Of flighty, young wings
That muss up the skies
With troublesome spots
That are bad for the eyes—
It needs looking into.
Dawn, can't you walk
Without getting the trees
All upset with that breeze?
I want to talk.

SRL *Recommends*

Caesar and Cleopatra and *Antony and Cleopatra*: Shaw's wise comedy and Shakespeare's soaring tragedy excitingly revived by Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh. A glittering addition to the season. (*SRL* Jan. 12.)

Saint Joan: Shaw's stirring masterpiece. disappointing in Uta Hagen's performance of the Maid, but including its excellent male performances and so staged that the greatness of the play comes through. (*SRL* Oct. 27.)

I Am a Camera: An interesting and sensitive play by John van Druten, based on Christopher Isherwood's "Berlin Stories." Excellently acted by William Prince and Marian Winters, and made memorable by Julie Harris's performance which has rightly established her as a star. (*SRL* Dec. 22.)

Point of No Return: An agreeable and sympathetic dramatization by Paul Osborn of John Marquand's novel. The production includes admirable performances by Henry Fonda, Leora Dana, John Cromwell, Robert Ross, and Frank Conroy. (*SRL* Jan. 5.)

The Constant Wife: A revival of Somerset Maugham's witty and engaging comedy, charmingly played by Katharine Cornell, Grace George, and Brian Aherne. (*SRL* Dec. 29.)

Remains to Be Seen: A farcical whodunit by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse which is jubilantly acted and offers as many laughs as it does thrills. (*SRL* Oct. 20.)

The Moon Is Blue: A comedy which playgoers everywhere have taken to their hearts, though there are some of us to whom it seems like an inferior version of "The Voice of the Turtle." It has its funny lines and scenes and is acted with great charm and skill by Barbara Bel Geddes and Barry Nelson.

Stalag 17: An exciting and hilarious comedy-melodrama about some Ameri-

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can airmen in a German prison camp. Skilfully acted. (*SRL* May 26.)

The Fourposter: A two-character play dealing with all the familiar experiences of marriage, at least as it is known to the stage. Admirably played by Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, and lapped up by playgoers regardless of what some of us may think.

The King and I: Another Richard Rodgers-Oscar Hammerstein triumph and one of the outstanding and most tasteful musical comedies of our time. Everything about it is right, especially Gertrude Lawrence's and Yul Brynner's performances of Anna and the king. (*SRL* Apr. 14.)

Guys and Dolls: Another musical of a very different kind but of the same distinction. In this case a Damon Runyon story has been brought to the stage in a stylized and delectable form which could not be bettered. (*SRL* Dec. 23, 1950.)

Pal Joey: Reviewed in this issue.

Call Me Madam: In the amusing Irving Berlin-Lindsay and Crouse musical, the great, the one and only, Ethel Merman in topnotch form as an American Ambassadress who more than faintly recalls our representative in Luxembourg. (*SRL* Oct. 28, 1950.)

South Pacific: With Martha Wright and George Britton heading the cast, this Rodgers and Hammerstein triumph, staged with such color and vigor by Joshua Logan, remains one of the most popular and beloved of current hits. (*SRL* Apr. 30, 1949.)

Two on the Aisle: An entertaining revue in which Dolores Gray proves herself to be a new and welcome star and Bert Lahr is uproariously funny in some sketches worthy of his fine talents.

Top Banana: A musical comedy about a TV star and ex-burlesque headliner which is all Phil Silvers, and what an all Phil Silvers is. He is an incredibly energetic fellow who is as convulsing as he is dynamic.

—J. M. B.

SRL Goes to the Movies

A CRY FROM AFRICA

"CRY, the Beloved Country" (Lopert) raises more questions than most movies I have seen lately, but it answers its own major question. Is it a movie to be recommended confidently and enthusiastically? For me, the answer to the readers of *The Saturday Review* is an unconditional yes.

The screenplay, written by Alan Paton, reflects but doesn't duplicate the essentials of his novel of African life. More than the book, this British-made picture illuminates the title. The action begins on the land, converges on the city, concentrates on the dreadful shantytowns in which the Negroes live; then a crime connects black man and white and the action reverses itself, moving from the hovels where the crime was germinated to the city where it is punished and finally to the country again where the catharsis of tragedy is rendered. This contraction and expansion are the pulse and rhythm of the picture; they create the time-beat that speaks to the subconscious of the audience; they carry the tragedy of the plot to a higher plane than the action itself.

The action is a father's search for his son, and although the father is a priest and the son a sinner, it is a real, not a symbolic, journey we follow. Along the way the priest redeems his sister from a tawdry and immoral life and rejects his brother's rebellion against the white oppressor; he finds the girl who is bearing a child to his son; but when the son, caught in a robbery, kills the best white friend the Negroes have in Johannesburg the priest cannot save him. A drama of reconciliation, not of victory and defeat, follows: the father of the murdered man, whose life had been twisted by prejudice and hate, is converted by his son's ideals and shakes the hand of the priest.

Zoltan Korda, as director, has told this story with a kind of massive simplicity, sometimes awkwardly in connecting his actors and non-professionals, but delivering without flaw the impressive performances of Canada Lee, as the priest-father, and Sidney Poitier, in the part of another Negro priest. As producer, Mr. Korda deferred too much to his author and allowed Mr. Paton to de-activate his picture at important moments. We are told about, but do not see, the benevolent work of the white man, which makes his death at the hands of a Negro so appalling; the conversion of the father is not the consequence of an action, but of reading a political testament; the conflict between the priests and the radicals is not grounded in events.

Perhaps because the picture is not too explicit, it stays at a high tragic level. In Africa, where the black man is the native and the whites are invaders, you might expect a movie to exploit violent hates, to be filled with denunciations, to snarl. Instead, you have the infinite sadness of the separation of the two peoples, the despair of the Negro's cry, "If only we could be told!" Black and white priests are shown in fellowship, but black laymen and white touch one another only through crime and the desolation of death. Only then does a kind of exalted goodness, shared by the two fathers, come into play.

We are not accustomed to goodness —the real thing, not a set of moral maxims—at the core of a moving picture, which brings me back to the questions raised by "Cry, the Beloved Country." Lacking the neat plotting and the glossy finish of the average American feature, without the sex-

Canada Lee—"impressive performance."

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and-star interest of such exceptional pictures as "Streetcar" and "A Place in the Sun," it seems to have cut itself off from the largest part of the movie audience. Ought the producers to have made some compromises, added some attractive surface-elements, preserving the essence of the picture and making it acceptable to many more people? (After considerable thought, my own answer to this is no.) Should the picture, as it stands, be recommended to everyone? Will any good be served by inducing the addicts of our routine pictures to see—and dislike—this one?

I don't know. At the preview I heard the critic of a New York daily say she had received so many complaints from readers who had gone to see "Streetcar" that she was forced to disavow in print the award given to that picture by the film critics of the city. Her own first choice was "An American in Paris"; "Streetcar" wasn't even on her list of the ten best. She knew *her* audience. I wonder whether she knew that she and the movies she felt safe in recommending had a large part in creating (perhaps degrading) the taste of that audience and had made it impossible for such a picture as "Cry, the Beloved Country" to be as widely shown and as fully appreciated as it deserves to be.

—GILBERT SELDES.

SRL Recommends

Cry, the Beloved Country: Reviewed in this issue.

Rasho-Mon: Japanese-made prizewinner (Venice Festival, 1951) which presents an adult story about crime and sex, of universal interest, far different from the traditional Japanese film. (*SRL* Jan. 19.)

Westward the Women: An epic detailing the difficulties attending the first shipment of women from Kansas City to California to give "roots" to the frontier. (*SRL* Jan. 12.)

Distant Drums: The Seminole War without moralizing but with lots of excitement. (*SRL* Jan. 12.)

Decision Before Dawn: An exciting, but arguable presentation of a "good German" PW who spies for us. (*SRL* Dec. 29.)

Death of a Salesman: An honest, dignified filming of one of the decade's most moving plays. (*SRL* Dec. 22.)

Miracle at Milan: Vittoria de Sica's Hooverville, Italy (or world), with realism upside-down, masquerading as fantastic comedy but issuing in satire. (*SRL* Dec. 15.)

Detective Story: Faithful, moving adaptation of Sidney Kingsley play, well acted and only slightly modified for the innocent movie-goer. (*SRL* Nov. 10.)

The Browning Version: So accomplished a filming of the Terence Rattigan play about a stiff-lipped English schoolteacher that its basic sentimentality is almost acceptable. (*SRL* Nov. 10.)

The Lavender Hill Mob: Alec Guinness as probably the world's most lovable bank robber. (*SRL* Oct. 13.)

TV and Radio

WANTED: A CENTER FOR SPECIAL TALENT

MEMBER stations of the NAEB Tape Network (National Association of Educational Broadcasters) will broadcast, at odd times during the late winter and early spring months, an hour-long documentary, "Station 60," written by Mayo Simon and directed by Northrop Dawson, Jr. The director is on the staff of the University of Minnesota's radio station KUOM, and the author, formerly of the same staff, is now at Iowa State College, working on the Fund for Adult Education TV project established by the Ford Foundation.

"Station 60" is the case history of a sixteen-year-old girl successfully treated for psychosomatic deafness by a university mental health team. Except for a professional psychiatrist who narrates the broadcast, the cast and technicians who produced it were all students. "Station 60" is, without qualification, the finest campus-produced documentary I have heard.

Simulating clinical scenes, it unfolds with rare artistry a general image of the mental health department's work, skilfully modulated, as it were, on the carrier-wave of the patient's special story. Done entirely without music, sensitive and often eloquent in writing, direction, and acting, there isn't a single educational cliche in "Station 60," not even a commercial one.

The sound patterns of the psychiatric testing machines evoke a subtle emotional atmosphere; the dialogue, marked by the natural hesitancies, repetitions, and gropings-for-thought of conversational speech, and by the bold use of the pause is creative realism; and the superb climax, in which the doctor with almost brutal aggressiveness propels his patient over the borderline to a cure, is a tour de force of tension and suspense.

"Station 60," let us be frank, is not typical of college broadcasting. It is an accident. Were it not for the fact that last year the University of Minnesota celebrated its one-hundredth anniversary, and a special centennial grant of $13,000 was made available to KUOM for thirteen programs, this broadcast would never have been done. Colleges do not have $1,000 per broadcast to play with, except, perhaps, every hundred years. I have not heard the other twelve in the series, but am informed by a reliable authority that "Station 60" was the Cinderella of the package. Glass slippers are not accessories to ten-dollar scripts—the going rate on the representative campus.

Mayo Simon—"Then what?"

Be that as it may, the significant question raised by this documentary is what becomes of a talented student-writer like Mayo Simon after fortune's wheel has delivered him one brass ring at Minnesota? At the moment, the Ford fortune's wheel is enabling him to do a short-term turn at Iowa State. Then what? Does this talent, with no taste for the standards of commercial broadcasting, take the soapy plunge anyway—to the point of personal no return and the broadcasting art's loss? Does it hide its light under a collegiate bushel? Or does it take to writing novels, looking back on radio scripts as wistful juvenilia?

Coming out of the sheepskins each academic year there must be, if not a hundred, at least a score of Mayo Simons and Northrop Dawson, Jrs. And each academic year the score either goes commercial for the undeniable incentives offered by the networks and the advertising agencies, or it is curtained by obscurity.

Educational broadcasting, now in its crisis of naissance or mediocrity, has no national locus, no prestige, no incentive, no tradition. Here and there, an individual campus—sparked by some rare individual—manages to throw up a roman candle or two, but for the most part a penury and a pallor hang over the ivy. The new NAEB, on a brave shoestring, is doing stout

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work in assembling, on tape, series and one-time programs that can light up the darkness, but the broadcasts are mostly music, or discussion, or else they are produced by the British or Canadian broadcasting corporations.

There is no hierarchy in educational broadcasting, no social structure comparable to that of the commercial world. Isolated, each of the universities and colleges, which lead the collegiate broadcasting parade, do what they can, and attempt to pool their output. It is a beginning, but too small. Percolating in the experiences of the small group of educational broadcasters who are currently tapping the foundation tills is the realization that what is needed is not a distributing but a production center—a headquarters where the strongest of the educational broadcasters, plus those who would be attracted to them from the commercial field, could set up a permanent operation devoted exclusively to producing entertaining and effective social and cultural broadcasts.

UNDER inspiring administrative leadership, freed from the hampering restrictions imposed by legislatures, campus politics, and low budgets, such a production center could become a mecca for young hopefuls. Graduate students of promise could come, under scholarships, for a year of training, not in theory, but in actual production, absorbing the philosophic and social approach of non-commercial broadcasting, and being exposed to production concepts, skills, and practice. Nor would the opportunity be confined to the untried. Men of stature in allied fields could find a hearthstone and tools. The distinguished poet Archibald MacLeish wrote in radio's dimly recalled experimental days a memorable broadcast, "The Fall of the City." The city fell: there are no MacLeish broadcasts any more. Perhaps, in a national educational production center there would be.

The year 1952, says the Federal Communications Commission, will be television's lifting-of-the freeze year. Two hundred non-commercial licenses are expected to get the green light. Who will program for the educators? Only modestly can they hope to serve local needs. The big impact must be made by a national production and training center, distributing major program series on film. With the promised advent of TV magnetic tape recording to cut cost and improve quality, and with the possibility of box-office television, the fata morgana of such a center needs only the enterprise of the educators and the vision of the foundations to become a reality.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

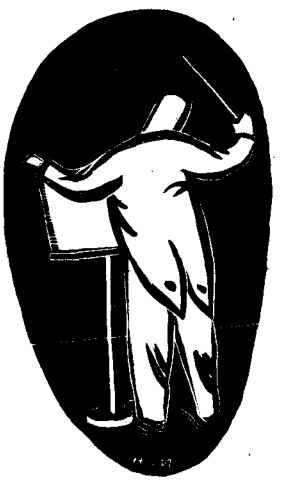
Music to My Ears

NEW WORKS OF MARTIN AND BARTOK—SOPRANOS BERGER AND ADDISON

FRANK MARTIN is the Swiss composer now sixty-two years old whose destiny seems to be to emerge in bits and pieces—bits like the "Petite Symphonie Concertante" and "Concerto for Winds, Percussions, and Strings" known to us from records, pieces like the evening-long "Golgotha" introduced in Carnegie Hall lately by Paul Boepple and the Dessoff Choirs. Obviously it is impossible to draw any strong line of character for a composer known, on the one hand, by miniatures; on the other, by a massive choral work. But we have yet to hear a work by Martin which failed to stimulate the interest or reward the attention.

"Golgotha" is a Passion which was provoked in Martin's mind by an exhibition in 1945 which included Rembrandt's "The Three Crosses." How much of the tonal drawing is derived from the visual source, how much from the immemorial drama itself and its expression in the Biblical texts Martin has utilized is difficult to say. But it seems to me a grand choral work in the line of Berlioz, Debussy, and Honegger, which will stand out as a landmark for a time of trifles.

One could value it from many viewpoints: I was struck especially by the organization of tonal qualities from choral, orchestral, and solo vocal elements. Often enough, for example, a solo voice would chant a phase of His story over massed chords in the strings; or the trumpets would sound in antiphony with the organ; or the whole mass would concentrate on a single word. There was nothing predictable about the colors, or their shading; all was fresh, personally impelled, individual.



With all this personality and invention, there was something static about the harmonic scheme, something unprogressive about the constant blocks of chords and progressions, something thin in the lack of contrapuntal texture. Is it but a big imposing façade, dull in detail, wanting in variety? The self-posed question indicates a work of such scope that no single performance could provide adequate data for judgment. Boepple, one of the least gainly of conductors, made out an impressive case for its conviction and creativeness, while leaving unanswered some pertinent curiosities about profundity as distinguished from sobriety. The uniformly excellent soloists were Phyllis Curtin, soprano, Janice Moudry, alto, Leslie Chaby, tenor, William Gephart, baritone, and Paul Matthen, bass. Beautifully balanced choral work enhanced the text.

* * *

Bartók's Concerto for Viola—a work which he left uncompleted at his death—was heard publicly for the first time in New York from the Boston Symphony and William Primrose, after previous experience via radio and records. In addition to some feeling of dissatisfaction with the first movement—which, it seems likely, Bartók would have revised in more than details—the concert performance left the impression that the work has more of a future in the electronic mediums than "live." Surely such beautiful music as the slow movement and so lively an experience as the finale are better fare than nine-tenths of the violist's repertory.

However, the limitations of the instrument for a large hall—even when so powerful a player as Primrose pulls the uttermost in tone from it—put everyone concerned at a disadvantage. What registers as delicate nuance on the microphone's all-hearing ear seemed merely uninflected in the hall, and the lightness of Tibor Serly's scoring verged on lack of detail. In both respects, the recording makes more of an aural impression than was heard in the concert hall.

Ernest Ansermet's conducting was all one could ask in this work, and Primrose, of course, is its predestined interpreter. Ansermet was also fantastically adroit and all-knowing in Ravel's "Ma Mère L'Oye" and Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" earlier in the week, but his G minor symphony of Mozart revived a style one had thought by now outmoded. Full of graces and attitudes, it moved along on the lightest of feet, in the old danc-

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ing master tradition, never raising a voice or dislodging a ruffle.

* * *

The revaluation that goes with familiarity is now catching up with Erna Berger, who began another series of song recitals in Town Hall on a recent Sunday afternoon. I doubt if the German soprano has ever sung more beautifully, or with such a fundamental limitation of interest. Her program was neatly blended of oddities and staples, but the eternal concentration on physically faultless tone, at the expense of shading, word emphasis, or emotional projection soon left one disinterested. Three "Vauxhall Songs" of Johann Christian Bach were an unfortunate premonition of what was to come, for with all the lightly tripping tone went a slackness of articulation that left but one in ten of the English words recognizable.

Some forbearance was in order here, for English, after all, is not Miss Berger's tongue. However, in German, which is, Miss Berger was so intent upon forming pretty tones that even such familiar Schubert songs as "Lachen und Weinen," "Nacht und Träume," and "Frühlingsgabe" were more like vocalises than settings of texts. Of course, even she could not mask "Ave Maria," "Gretchen am Spinnrade," or "Heidenröslein," but not one realized its full effect. As sheer rippling vibration, her treatment of "Totus in Corde Lanquero"—a Schubertian novelty to me—was a delight, her sound more instrumental even than David Weber's accompanying clarinet. What it was about, however, one could find out only by reading the program. Edwin McArthur's piano playing was not only heavy-handed—it has always been—but often inaccurate.

* * *

Just what kind of vocal effort will eventually draw the concentration of Adele Addison (art songs, opera, oratorio) is at the moment uncertain, but she showed a voice of lovely warmth and fine training at her debut in Town Hall. The octave from F to F is especially appealing, with enough extension above and below to deal comfortably with a Handel "Alleluja" and Mozart's "Non temer, amato bene" as well as a Brahms group. Miss Addison is still somewhat outside the full meaning of such a song as "Wir wandelten" or "Auf dem See," but she gave every indication of eventually finding the way.

—Irving Kolodin.

FAITH VS. DOUBT IN LITERATURE

(*Continued from page* 12)

author of "The Waste Land," with his "obvious dislike of reformers," and many also agreed with Eliot that men in general were "hollow men" and therefore clearly not worth working for. Were they not like his Edward and Lavinia in "The Cocktail Party," the "man who finds himself incapable of loving and the "woman who finds that no man can love her"? That love existed in the human scene one would never have guessed from the writings of a man who even wrote much of a religion in which "Love thy neighbor" was the last injunction one would look for, in which "primarily thought," not "feeling" counted. It was true, however, that this was in tune with the moment, a moment when fear predominated among the emotions, when the love that casts out fear was unable to flow in countless hearts to which only the negative aspects of life were apparent.

But that Eliot spoke for a time of exhaustion, when people were weary of great interests and causes, when dread was far stronger than hope, when life seemed empty—this was only one of the reasons why the mazed world stood hushed in the presence of the intellectual dictator of the literary West. He had, after all, a religion, which is something every man must have and which few writers defined for themselves and others; and, if this was wholly "institutional" and not at all "prophetic," was it not for this reason also suited to the movement? For his kind of theology without too much religion was a natural reaction against a religion that possessed no theology at all. Eliot had a distinct position and a positive personality in a day of confusion, hesitation, evasion, and doubt, while he had the cosmopolitan tone that a deprovincialized world required, with its anthropological interest and its love of erudition. He restored the respect for learning in the minds of writers who had gone in for a shallow "self-expression," while he seemed to invite the sensitive young to join him on a magic island where one met "the few people who talk intelligently about Stendhal and Flaubert and James."

ONE might almost have said that the only tradition, or strand of tradition, that Eliot ignored was the tradition of the country in which he had grown up, to which, in fact, far from ignoring it really, he seemed to be actively hostile, though he published no formal essays on American writers. For his papers on Henry James were never reprinted in any of his books. Referring to Whitman briefly as one to whom Ezra Pound "owed nothing"—although Pound's own testimony scarcely agreed with this—he spoke of the aversion to Whitman's form and much of his matter he had had to conquer before he had been able to read this poet at all. He had read him somewhat late in life, if evidently not so late as the day when he first encountered "Huckleberry Finn, but he had obviously known Emerson early and regarded him with a "sustained dislike," as a sympathetic follower and commentator presently noted. He said in print that Emerson's essays were "already an encumbrance" and that Emerson was *not* a "real observer of the moral life," denying to Emerson the very trait by which, like Thoreau, he too had influenced minds in India and China. That Emerson and Whitman—with "Huckleberry Finn," that paean to the inborn goodness of men, or the goodness of boys peculiarly as nature made them—spoke for the only American tradition that ever affected the outer world was the general attestation of foreigners for many generations. Bound up with the tradition of the Revolution, of Jefferson, Paine, and Crèvecoeur, and the roundhead side in the English civil war—with all the typical American institutions—it was the tradition that gave Matthew Arnold his hopes for the United States, like thousands of intelligent Europeans from Goethe onward. Even the French Symbolist poet, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, had based upon this a mighty ideal of the country; and it was this that Europeans had in mind when they complained that American writers had never been "American enough." From this had sprung the great body of writers from Benjamin Franklin down to a regiment of poets, romancers, historians, and thinkers who had given the country in literature a character of its own, and to deny this was to deny that America had a character, that it was anything but a congeries of exiles from Europe. This was the core of Americaa, in fact—to the world America meant this or nothing—it was what the "Latin genius" was to France; and where else could one find the American "uniqueness" to fit the prescription of Eliot himself that "the culture of each country should be unique"? But, ignoring this, or hostile to it, he praised cava-

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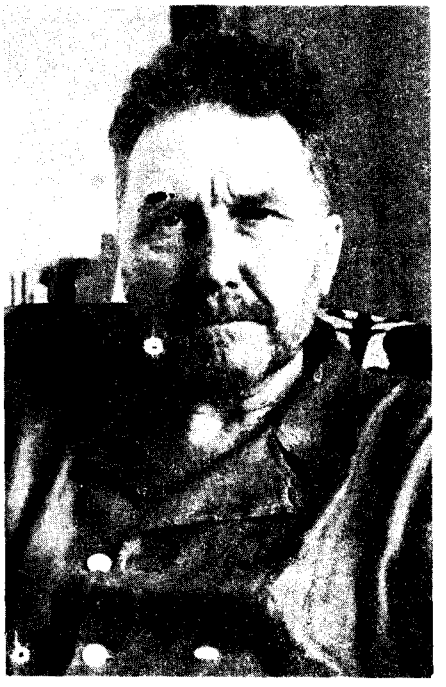
lier Virginia because it had "at least *some recollection of a tradition.*"

All this could only seem strange to an American who was familiar with Eliot's remark about "the whole of the literature of his own country" that a writer should have, as a strand of tradition, "in his bones," that is to say, an American who remained unalienated without being obliged to feel that he was chauvinistic. Was it not the key to Eliot's tradition that he not only rejected the tradition but that he *reversed* the tradition of the world he had grown up in, or, rather, the strand of tradition that America represented? —for the liberal-democratic American tradition was quite as much as any other an outgrowth and a strand of the great European tradition. This particular strand of tradition existed in every modern country, but it stood for the whole nature of America and expressed its uniqueness; and whatever peculiarly characterized this uniqueness one found reversed somewhere in Eliot's writings. There, men in general were "essentially bad," for all the Huckleberry Finns, and order"—"more important than liberty" *because* men were bad—justified, for its maintenance, "every means"; there the "index of prohibited books" was "perfectly sound in principle" and the "virtue of tolerance" was "greatly overestimated." There, secular education was practically worse than none at all, and "humanitarianism" was merely "bustle," and the doctrine of "equality of opportunity" was a vulgar "Jacobinism," and the gospel of happiness" was simply "sentimental." According to Eliot, any "scheme of international harmony" that was not based on "religious unification" was "likely to be more of a menace than a hope," which meant—since religious unification was obviously the last to be looked for—that he was practically opposed to all plans for a world order. Eliot's peculiar antipathies, moreover, were such special idols of the American mind as Milton, beloved of the forbears, and Savonarola, the old Italian Cromwellian Puritan, the culture-hero of the Yankees who tried to restore the liberties of the Florentine people. Savonarola to Eliot was a "destructive mind," not because of the "bonfire of vanities" he instigated but because, to win freedom for the people, he attacked their rulers, while Machiavelli, on the contrary, was all purity of spirit; and Eliot was disturbed by Milton's "moral aberrations," though these did not trouble him at all in Baudelaire. It went without saying that he found the ideas of Shelley "repellent" and "feeble" because these were precisely the ideas of the age of revolutions—the ideas



Ezra Pound's "business was 'savin' Europe.' "

that had so largely formed the American mind. Rejecting the eighteenth-century Enlightenment, he returned in spirit to the seventeenth century and the cavalier side in the English civil war, and it was this that allied him to the South of the circle of agrarian poets, for Eliot was entirely consistent. This was the South that had remained a "traditional European community," as Allen Tate averred, though Jefferson had regarded it as part of an America that was something "new." That the core of this South was an "unadulterated Europeanism" —founded "on a principle of conservatism"—like "Europe" itself—was a contention of John Crowe Ransom that explained the adhesion of Eliot, who liked it no less because it was "backward-looking."

But, again, this conception of Europe seemed strange at a moment when virtually the whole of Europe, abandoning the "principle of conservatism," had turned Socialistic—without becoming the less "traditional" for that—and especially the one country, England, whose "virtues of establishment" had formed the "peculiar tradition"of the agrarian South. England had left this old South behind as surely as America had left it behind, and what Eliot and the agrarian poets agreed in liking was merely the old Tory England from which America broke off. It was precisely George III's England to which Eliot reattached himself, the England whose lingering vestiges one found in the South, while the English had evolved a century and a half beyond it; and it was this England for which Eliot fought in advocating "royalism," a "stratified society," caste, censorship, inequality, and what not.

Eliot, in reversing the American tradition, brought to a head a tendency that was marked in several American thinkers and writers, as various as Paul Elmer More, Irving Babbitt, Santayana, and the bantering enemy of the Anglo-Saxons, Mencken. One and all denied the saying of Ortega y Gasset, "Every modern man knows in his heart that he must be a liberal"; but, regarding Eliot, one had to remember his remark in "The Idea of a Christian Society," "What I say . . . has its direct application only in England." Seeing America as predestined to be "neutral," at least in religious matters—representing nothing "positive" from his point of view —it was natural that, renouncing the country, he should have wished to strike his roots deep in the tradition of the country he adopted. His wish to settle into it, into all that he saw as essentially Anglican, must have been greatly intensified by the spectacle of Pound, who, leaving America, had floated from country to country until in the end he had practically lost his bearings. It was true that Pound remained very American, the village crackerbarrel crank on a planetary scale, with a touch of genius, who wrote more and more in Chicagoese —"direct action—cut the cackle"—while Eliot wrote more and more like Dr. Johnson. Pound retained his American desire to improve things, to educate the educators; he was the American schoolmaster and missionary whose business, he believed, was "savin' Europe"; and, having rejected "vaticination" along with the Victorian tendency to preach, he became himself more and more didactic. He developed his own sociology, his plan for "economic justice," and he even found his Utopia, which happened to be Fascist, though the Fascist Italy that he defended had no more relation to the real one than the real America had to the America he attacked. In the venal sense Pound was scarcely a traitor—he was only a "traitor to human hope," Jefferson's phrase that applied to Eliot as well; and in his way he was even defending the America of Jefferson's ideal, the America that was betrayed by the "usurers," his name for the bankers. Henry Adams had said that the bankers—Adams's name for the "usurers" —had betrayed the Revolution and the aims of the republic, and Pound wanted banks for the good of the people and not for the shareholders merely, regardless of the well-being of anyone and everyone else. It was the Socialistic program to provide a remedy for this and, by so doing, end

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the whole discussion — which led Adams to say that he "should have been" a Socialist himself; but Pound's thought was a series of *non sequiturs* —it was the kind of loose thinking in which anything can be said to lead to anything else. It led him to defend Mussolini as Jefferson's successor, while he attacked the American political leader who was really in the line of Jefferson in terms of his day.

Could one doubt that Eliot, observing Pound, an eccentric living in isolation, floating in a world of fantasy that was less and less real, mentally living off "tips" from Mencken, "young Vanderbilt," and other passers-by, felt all the more the need of being anchored? Indeed, the intensity of his Anglicanism added greatly to Eliot's strength, and if his ideas had been taken to apply, as he suggested, to England alone it would never have concerned Americans that he attacked their tradition. But, connecting his religious views with his literary criticism, he spread a philosophy of literature through the academic world, especially in America, the basis of which was a virtual denial of whatever gave literature in America its historic importance.

It was the aim of this philosophy to re-establish the ancient connection between literary tradition and the orthodoxy that America had abandoned, for it was true that the American tradition was "heretical" in origin, conceived in independence of dogmatic religion. For American literature its own tradition was obviously vital and there was no public orthodoxy whatever in the country—although millions of Americans, of course, were orthodox in religion—so how, in connection with American letters, could one speak of orthodoxy as if it were synonymous with the common faith of men? Had not even the classic American writers been mainly, or largely, Unitarians, ex-Unitarians, Deists, Quakers, and what not? And was not America pluralistic, by definition almost—was not diversity, in fact, of its very essence?

NOW certainly the conditions no longer existed that had formed the American tradition and produced its imaginative insights and daring hopes. There were no more Per Hansas building a pioneer world; there was nothing that obliged one to believe in the possibilities of men. But the future of democracy obviously hung on a faith in *some* goodness in human nature, some inborn moral feeling and capacity for freedom; and, inasmuch as the American tradition meant this or nothing to the world, one continued to look for its traces in American letters. Were they, in fact, as nihilistic, as life-denying, as they seemed to be, or was there something else beneath their surface? Did not Ezra Pound, indeed, assert the American note when he averred that it was Whitman who "broke the new wood," while Pound remained, as Eliot said, a "libertarian" and "humanitarian," a "Protestant" who believed he was carrying out Jefferson's ideas? Then did not Hart Crane write "The Bridge" expressly to replace with a "more positive goal" the renunciatory and negative attitude of Eliot's "The Waste Land," concerned as he was with the "future of America" and the "vital span" that was leading to it from the great hopes and affirmations of the American past? Observing of Whitman that "his bequest is still to be realized in all its implications," Hart Crane, like Vachel Lindsay in his very different way, perpetuated the American Utopian train of thinking; and meanwhile travelers from other countries, like Wyndham Lewis, for one example, saw America as well-disposed travelers had always seen it. As if he had never read Hemingway or Faulkner, or, reading them, had seen in them something that was by no means apparent on the surface—ignoring the nihilism of American writers—he found the "forward-looking dynamism" that he might have found in Washington Irving's day. If Lewis retained his "unshakable belief in the potentialities" of the country, it was in large measure because he found there still a "profound feeling of identity with other men."

This was the traditional American feeling, and did not the writers continue to share it behind the masks they were generally apt to wear, underneath the cynicism that covered them like a film of steel, hiding their actual sympathies, concerns, and wishes? The naturalistic novelists were far from what they seemed to be, and no one could have been more mistaken than critics like Paul Elmer More, for whom Dreiser's characters, for example, were animals merely. Were animals ever compassionate, did they care for justice violently, as Dreiser cared, and sometimes Eugene O'Neill? Did they ever contend for a decent world as Dreiser himself contended for it, or Erskine Caldwell, for that matter, in his sociological studies? Or Faulkner in his way, in "Intruder in the Dust"? Behind virtually all the "pitiful crea-

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

AND NOW IT'S TIME TO FIND THE RHYME

Edith M. Wright, of Detroit, asks you to fill in the mid-rhymes in the following quotations. Allowing four points for the rhyme and three for the poem or the poet, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 39.

1. O Alice ....., my native land
   Is lost for love of you.
2. One port, ..., alike they sought,
   One purpose hold where'er they fare.
3. Thou hast a ..... for thy love and thy rest.
4. Your manly hearts shall glow
   As ye ..... through the deep.
5. The cock doth ..... , the day doth daw,
   The channerin worm doth chide.
6. I am the ..... of earth and water
   And the nursling of the sky.
7. But the proud ..... , when the squadron rides,
   Shall be Rome's whitest day.
8. With throats ..... , with black lips baked,
   Agape they heard me call.
9. Then blooms each ....., then maids dance in a ring.
10. Kentish Sir ..... stood for his King.
11. And the silken sad ..... rustling of each purple curtain
    Thrilled me . . .
12. Sweet air blow ....., mount banks aloft
    To give my Love good-morrow!
13. Be thine ....., and scept'red Care,
    To triumph, and to die, are mine.
14. Let us bang these dogs of ..... , the children of the devil.
15. Wi' balmy ....., frae hill and dale,
    Bring hame the laden bees.

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tures that people contemporary fiction"—a phrase of Krutch that remained appropriate for years—one discerned an indictment of the world that had made them, on the part of their creators, that was bound up with a desire for their welfare and growth. As Thomas Wolfe said, "The essence of all faith for people of my belief is that man's life can be, and will be, better," and this was as true of Dos Passos and Steinbeck, of Hemingway and Farrell, as it was of Carl Sandburg or Lindsay or Sinclair Lewis. All were concerned in some fashion, as Faulkner was also concerned, with the fate of the "little man," for whom Jefferson and Lincoln had shared an affection with so many American writers, the little man who was the big man, potentially, and who was still seeking for what Thomas Paine called his "proper rank." He was the hero of Cummings's "The Enormous Room" as much as of Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage," and as much in the case of "The Grapes of Wrath," which asserted his dignity and rightful claims as Hemingway asserted the claims of the Spanish peasants. Behind all the negations of the novelists was a consciousness of "the ground we stand on," which Dos Passos reaffirmed after exposing the myth of success, the ground of the Jeffersonian tradition that found so many voices in the years that followed the jazz age and the great depression. Those years witnessed a return to the expectant mood of the prewar time when "poet" and "radical" were almost interchangeable terms. What made "Guernica" and "Sacco-Vanzetti" such resounding symbols was the obvious fact that the American imagination had been on the side of the "Left" since Jefferson's days, since the days when the fathers of American literature, Irving, Cooper, and Bryant, fell into the Jeffersonian way of thinking. Born conservatives, they all became partisans of Jackson, who was Jefferson's successor — as Melville and Whitman were presently Jacksonians too—and the writers who took the Loyalist side in the Spanish civil war were following Poe when he said he had fought for the Poles. How many American writers, moreover, did *not* side with the Loyalists in Spain, whose cause was a surrogate for the America that was lost *in* America, the almost forgotten America of 1776? Neither Sandburg nor Lewis Mumford nor Archibald MacLeish was more clearly in this line than Hemingway when he first acquired in Spain a respect for human nature—the "nobility and dignity of the cause of the Spanish people." Hemingway reasserted there the sense of "absolute brotherhood" with all who were fighting "against tyranny" for "the oppressed of the world," and "for the new world you had been educated into," and his feeling for simple people, whether Basque peasants or African natives, bore witness to the goodness of men when they are unspoiled. In the face of Eliot's belief that men are essentially bad, he reaffirmed the position of Jefferson and Crèvecoeur.

"All right, Countess Ravelli—you stand alone now, the rattle of Prince Edgar's carriage fades into the warm Mediterranean night. What are you thinking? How do you feel? Do you smile bitterly, recalling the look of stunned disbelief on the Prince's face when you refused his necklace and his love this evening? Or Stephen—do you think of him? Your tall, bronzed Stephen, whom you loved but betrayed that gay, magical weekend as his yacht sailed on its great white wings..."

THUS, behind whatever masks, all these typical American writers continued to express the traditional American faith; and was it not, in fact, because they cared for the fate of men on earth that they seemed so chagrined and disenchanted? Were they not denunciatory in proportion as they cared for this, in proporton as America had fallen short of its promise, as the gap had widened between reality and the idea of the country that Americans had always had in mind? This was the idea of *what ought to be,* and the promise of America was that *what ought to be will be*—a promise which the writers at least could never forget; for he who believes in the potential in life must also believe in its realization and be somehow predisposed to work for it. Was not this belief, in fact, latent in most of the American writers, along with the will to realize it? Even in these later writers it seemed almost as close to the surface as it was in the American writers of an earlier time or in the days when Shaw and Wells were thought of as practically American themselves because of their constant wish to improve the world. Ibsen, too, had seemed somehow American in the days before the muckrakers when he was "exposing" society, on a deeper level, but with the same belief that the writer should be redemptive as well as revelative, should "endeavor . . . to improve the prevailing order of the world." This was obviously Ezra Pound's belief when he tried to abolish "usury" in his economic writings and even in his "Cantos," the Pound who described "our American keynote" before the First World War as virtually identical with the note of Whitman. Were not all these writers in their way working for progress—a progress which is not automatic but a conquest of the will that is at best, moreover, wavering and halting? And for what man of imagination could progress mean a material advance that is not also an advance of the basic human values, the loyalty, honor, mercy, pride, and respect for personality that could scarcely have thriven in the caves of the men of the Stone Age? These were the values in the

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name of which the American novelists condemned their world, values, all but unknown before Breasted's "dawn of conscience," that had won acceptance on this planet painfully and slowly. They were the "eternal necessary human values" to which Scott Fitzgerald paid tribute in a passage of "The Crack-Up," "the old verities and truths of the heart, lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed" to which William Faulkner referred in his speech at Stockholm. That progress exists, along with what Breasted called the "unconquerable buoyancy" that is "demonstrably present," historically, "in the spirit of man," even Mencken, the professional pessimist, came to believe. He said, in his "Treatise on Right and Wrong," repudiating Spengler, not only that "there is, in fact, such a thing as progress," but that out of it has "flowed a great richness, an immense enhancement of the human spirit."

TRUE or not true, this belief was so deeply ingrained in the American mind that it seemed to be ineradicably connected with it, along with Thomas Wolfe's belief that "the true fulfilment of our spirit, of our people, of our . . . land, is yet to come." Not that Americans alone were convinced that without a faith in progress life would scarcely be worth its cost and trouble. André Gide spoke for millions of others when he said, "The fear of ridicule causes our worst cowardice. How many youthful impulses that were full of courage have been suddenly deflated by the word 'Utopia' applied to their convictions . . . As if the whole progress of humanity were not due to a materialized Utopia! As if the reality of tomorrow did not result from yesterday's and today's Utopia! . . . Without the idea of a possible progress, life would no longer have any value for me." This was the general American belief, and it was bound up with another belief, that men could be trusted to set things right in time, the basis of what Jefferson called "the unquestionable republicanism of the American mind" when it first broke the shell of feudal Europe. In a day that was too late for parochial sovereignties, too late for race-conceit, this defined the claims of America on the imagination —the imagination that would have to return, if America lost its belief, to the humanistic tradition of which it was an offshoot. This had always been the American wager, and might one not say of it what Pascal said, referring to another wager—involving no less than this an act of faith—that nothing could be lost and much was to be gained if, considering which held the greater value, one placed one's bet on the faith rather than the doubt?

BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page 21*)

play with the role of self-conscious homespun philosopher. He began to give reasons for his innate, countryman's conservatism, and not only reasons, but arguments which were half-apologies. His own native shrewdness began to get the upper hand. . . . He advocated none but the simplest virtues and expressed the most graspable ideas. [His] final role proved acceptable to all concerned, including the poet himself. . . . He has come to hold so tightly to his 'views' that they at last have nearly wiped out his vision."

Such a lopsided summary is accentuated by the appended thirty-one page anthology or sampler which is obviously intended to illustrate America's poetic achievement during the last fifty years. It is a queer collection. It includes most of the imperative "names," but the proportions are surprising and the very choices of poems seem arbitrary and capricious. There is, to begin with, a commonplace sonnet by Louise Imogen Guiney, composed of the very conventions which Miss Bogan elsewhere derides; but there is nothing by such far more representative women poets as Amy Lowell, Genevieve Taggard, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, and Muriel Rukeyser. There is not a single poem by Conrad Aiken, mentioned in the body of the book only in connection with his introduction to the "Selected Poems" of Emily Dickinson published in England, nothing by Archibald MacLeish, John Gould Fletcher, E. E. Cummings, the Benéts, Horace Gregory, Mark Van Doren, Robert Penn Warren, James Agee, John Berryman, Merrill Moore, Randall Jarrell, and other less well-known but valuable contributors to the poetry of the period. There are two poems by T. S. Eliot, one of which is in French and is scarcely a measure of achievement in American poetry; and there are two pieces by Gertrude Stein which presumably reveal how, according to Miss Bogan, "her sense of style, her feeling for words, and her peculiar wit combined to make them unforgettable."

—*Esther Adams*

Eugen Boissevain, Vincent Sheean, Edna St. V. Millay—"unreservedly partisan."

My objection is a limited one. It is not to Miss Bogan's style, which is taut and never trivial; nor to her taste, which is sensitive, if eclectic. My objection centers about the implications of her title, which is a promise and which the book only partially fulfils.

Mr. Sheean's high-pitched appreciation of Edna St. Vincent Millay is the very opposite in tone and taste of Miss Bogan's controlled appraisal. Where Miss Bogan is generally reserved, Mr. Sheean is unreservedly partisan; where she is impartial, he is impassioned. Although he never knew the late Edna Millay well, Mr. Sheean is so overcome with memories of his two visits—one in 1945, the other in 1948—that he cannot distinguish the unaffected creator from the affected prima donna. As a result he tries to interpret the early Greenwich Village bohemian in terms of the later mountaintop recluse, thereby confusing the true poet and the false legend. When Mr. Sheean abandons his badly blurred portrait of a mystical seeress and recovers from his amazement at the apparition of an indigo bunting, a brilliant but common bird seen in Eastern hedges from late April to October, he has several illuminating though scarcely new things to say about the poetry.

Yet he makes the reader realize once more the poet's unique and curiously effective mixture of the magisterial and the casual, the modern temper expressed in the archaic speech, the born rebel joined to the bookish anachronism. His pages also recall one of the prize blunders of 1951 when Sheean, Norma Millay (the late poet's sister), and the entire staff of *Vogue* failed to recognize that their "discovery" of an unpublished poem, handsomely reproduced in holograph in *Vogue*, supposedly written by the poet when she was twelve, turned out to be a familiar household poem from Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses." Altogether, it is an "off the record" reminiscence of a weekend of rain and a weekend of talk, a "collector's item" which, though not valuable as a criticism, is readable and, in more ways than one, revealing.

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IDEAS & STUDIES

(*Continued from page 17*)

probably talk about $fear_1$, $fear_2$, $fear_3$. . . . Here is a teen-ager showing off his hot rod to a carful of young experts. He lets himself be prodded into ever greater speed and risk, even to the point of taking his hands off the wheel —*not* because he is brave, but because his fear of seeming afraid is greater than his fear of cracking up. The good, useful survival fear is overlaid by an artificial social fear, the product of hot rod culture in America, 1951.

Our author traces these complicated terrors with a practised hand. As a counselor she has handled many of them. Teachers, parents, everyone who deals with young children will find sound help in her analysis. She shows how fears can be unwittingly planted by parents themselves, to flower later in juvenile delinquency or mental breakdown. She shows how emotional insecurity leads to aggression and conflict, and how millions of hidden anxieties may affect great social issues by accentuating prejudice, intolerance, and suspicion.

I was particularly interested in her defense of psychology, psychiatry, and social science generally. She is no cold, quantitative scientist; her approach is warm, friendly, and human; you feel her love for her kind on every page.

Mrs. Overstreet goes on to identify four general principles upon which most social scientists, she says, will agree. Here they are:

(1) Normal people have the stuff in them to make a society vastly better than the present one. There is no cause for despair about "human nature."

(2) The sick personality cures himself. The strength to do it is part of the patient's own resources. The psychiatrist's job is to help him find his inner strength.

(3) Emotional disturbances always have their roots in human relations, almost never in physical terrors. The car skids dangerously, and an arrow of fear goes through you. But such shocks will never cause a nervous breakdown. If your mother did not want you, however, that fact can wreck your adult life. The loss we cannot tolerate and remain in emotional health is the loss of good will between ourselves and our group.

(4) A distorted personality is not marked by intense self-love, it is marked by an inability to love any one, including one's self. Guilt, self-doubt, even self-hate, may be at the bottom of the abnormality. The indicated therapy is not to preach to the patient about his "selfishness," but to get him to like himself better, to trust himself more in action, and to withdraw his uneasy attention from himself and direct it out toward the world.

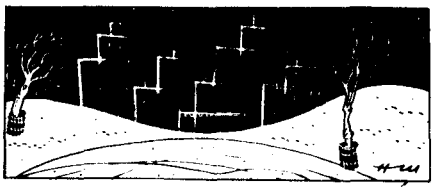
When social scientists, says Mrs. Overstreet, talk about these four conclusions (and others, too) they do not lay it on the line—"Thus saith the Lord." They say: "So far as present knowledge permits us to speak, this seems to be how things are." The profound difference between the soothsayer and the scientist could not be better expressed—the chasm between the Absolute and the most probable.

That "present knowledge" is piling up, and our author shows ways of putting it to work. Although we cannot use it in the current world crisis with the same certainty with which we use serum in a smallpox crisis, already it can aid us greatly, and in ten or twenty years it will be still more reliable.

Ideas & Studies Notes

STRUCTURE, METHOD, AND MEANING: Essays in Honor of Henry M. Sheffer. Edited by Paul Henle, Horace M. Kallen, and Susanne K. Langer. Liberal Arts Press. $4.50. One of the rarest tributes which students and colleagues of a scholar can pay to him is the publication of a volume of essays in his honor. What distinguishes the present book from most of its kind is that the man so honored is so little known outside of his own special and abstract field of endeavor —that of symbolic or mathematical logic—and that his bibliography contains only two articles, a few abstracts of papers read before mathematical and philosophical societies, a few reviews, and not a single book. The number and size of a man's publications, however, are never adequate criteria of the power and originality of his thought, and nothing could serve as superior evidence for this proposition than an invocation of the name of Henry M. Sheffer. The nature of Sheffer's contributions to mathematical logic cannot even be indicated by those to whom this discipline is utterly remote and esoteric, but their value is well attested and annotated by such writers as Whitehead and Russell in the second edition of their "Principia Mathematica."

Those who join to pay tribute to this creative logician include, among many others, C. I. Lewis, Norbert Wiener, F. S. C. Northrop, George Sarton, Ralph Barton Perry, Horace M. Kallen, and Felix S. Cohen. In subject the essays range from highly



technical and abstruse problems in logic to matters of a more general intellectual interest.

MARSILIUS OF PADUA: The Defender of Peace. Volume I: Marsilius of Padua and Medieval Political Philosophy. By Alan Gewirth. Columbia University Press. $4.75. Marsilius of Padua (*c.* 1275-1342) is one of the most provocative and controversial figures in the history of political philosophy. Some modern commentators acclaim him as the progenitor of ideas to be found later in such disparate writers as Machiavelli, Luther, Hooker, Bodin, Hobbes, Locke, Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Marx. Others contend that he said nothing essentially new and that the doctrines associated with his name are not to be found in his work. Still others maintain that his great book—the "Defensor Pacis" — provides an ultimate philosophic justification for the totalitarian state. Not all of these interpretations, obviously, can be correct. In order to adjudicate between them it is necessary both to consider Marsilius against the background of the medieval period in which he wrote and to extract from his arguments propositions of some sociological generality.

To the accomplishment of these tasks Mr. Gewirth, a young man who teaches philosophy at the University of Chicago, has brought an exegetical skill of a very high order and an almost incredible learning. Mr. Gewirth demonstrates that Marsilius was the first complete spokesman for the modern liberal democratic state, and demonstrates it so conclusively that his book assumes the proportion of a definitive work. In the second volume, to appear shortly, he will supply an annotated translation of the "Defensor Pacis." —ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Brand. Scott: "Lady of the Lake." 2. methought. Clough: "Qua Cursum Ventis." 3. nest. Wordsworth: "To A Skylark." 4. sweep. Campbell: "Ye Mariners of England." 5. craw. Old English Ballad: "The Wife of Usher's Well." 6. daughter. Shelley: "The Cloud." 7. Ides. Macaulay: "The Battle of Lake Regillus." 8. unslaked. Coleridge: "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner." 9. thing. Nash: "Spring." 10. Byng. Browning: "Cavalier Tunes." 11. uncertain. Poe: "The Raven." 14. Seville. Tennyson: "The Revenge." 15. gale. Burns: "Jean."

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THE FINE ARTS

CHICAGO'S ART INSTITUTE

I THINK I understand at last why children throw snowballs. In the goodness of their youthful hearts they are trying to get rid of the miserable stuff, heaving it out of sight or against a shattering target. At least this seemed a plausible theory when recently in Chicago, between trains, I struggled through a blizzard to revisit the Art Institute. I hadn't been there in twelve years—far too long a time for anyone interested in the arts to go without visiting what is assuredly one of the most exciting museums in the country.

I use the word "exciting" advisedly. For the Institute has an atmosphere of exceptional liveliness. One emerges from the Metropolitan or the Philadelphia Museum awed by the treasures and a little solemn. But one leaves the Art Institute with a different kind of elation, as though one had witnessed a living event of extraordinary beauty. I suppose the reason for this is that, though the Institute has numerous masterpieces from earlier periods, its late nineteenth-century French paintings, with their fervent interest in a not-too-remote way of life, make the deepest impression. They are a magnificent group of pictures, climaxed by Seurat's "La Grande Jatte" (see illustration), whose purchase by Frederic Clay Bartlett in 1924, while the French stood idly by, must be the most brilliant act of connoisseurship of our century.

I had seen "La Grande Jatte" many times before, but never under such memorable circumstances. Its gallery was dark when I arrived, and as the obliging guard flipped on the switches, this incredible work of art came to life gradually. Its dignity is so impressive that the surrounding pictures, many of them fine, seemed by comparison merely hand-painted. I mean by this that Seurat's masterpiece has an hallucinatory impact, over and beyond its identity as a canvas. It draws the spectator forcefully into its still, idyllic world, and the sense of its being a painted image is at least temporarily lost. How Seurat, devoted as he was to recondite theory, intent on formal solutions, could have achieved an almost supernatural intensity—that is the mystery. The scene depicted in "La Grande Jatte" is a commonplace one of bourgeois holiday recreation in the open air. Its figures are engaged in the trivialities of leisure: they propose no crises; they are utterly relaxed. Yet somehow they become the protagonists of a drama far more acute than that conveyed by the earlier nineteenth-century romantics, for whom spectacular action was a requisite of pictorial theatre. "La Grande Jatte's" equations of form are, of course, intricate and careful. But how is it that its monumentality is not cold or placid, but warm and disturbing? Perhaps this is because of its strange temporal duality. On the one hand it is the summary of an epoch; on the other, an ageless image which might have been excavated from ancient burial, the oldest silences of the earth in its fibres. A superb, haunting, unforgettable work—probably the greatest of modern times.

Turning from "La Grande Jatte" to the impressionist and other post-impressionist works one regains a more exact awareness of specific moment in art's evolution. Yet some of these pictures are among the finest of the nineteenth-century — Degas' "The Millinery Shop," for example, or Renoir's red nude of the late period, which the Institute had the courage to buy when most museums were still clinging to the more obvious graces of that master's earlier styles. Certainly there is no better Gauguin than "The Day of the God," though for me at least that would not be extravagant praise. It is, I think, a picture drowned in artifice by comparison with Van Gogh's "Bedroom at Arles," wherein that tormented genius showed, full-strength, his power to invest inanimate, familiar objects with transcendental allusion. And Toulouse-Lautrec's "Moulin Rouge" is surely one of his two or three best works. It proves, among other things, that Lautrec was an artist unusually suited to the era in which he worked. The ravages of sin could not alone have satisfied his love of pallor in the human face. When one studies the woman in the foreground of "Moulin Rouge," one realizes how integral was gaslight to Lautrec's esthetic. Gaslight's fitful whites, together with its tendency to give flesh a greenish translucence—these attributes were made to order for Lautrec's wry vision. The Mazda bulb, lighting skin flatly, would have been his natural enemy the impressionists' beloved daylight was not his instinctive friend. But he might have liked neon, in a later time.

The Art Institute has a number of good twentieth-century works, of course, but many of these had been temporarily displaced by a large exhibition of contemporary American paintings. The modern pictures on indefinite loan from the Chester Dale Collection were, however, all on view. They afford a striking commentary on the way in which the perspective of the past twenty-five years has dealt with the stature of the members of the School of Paris. A quarter century ago, for instance, Derain was quite widely considered the peer of Matisse and Picasso, thanks in good part to the eloquent prose of Clive Bell. I doubt that the Dales ever shared the usual high opinion of Derain as a powerful defender of tradition, for, if memory serves me right, Mrs. Dale around 1930 organized an exhibition at the French Institute in New York which compared Derain and Vlaminck in the latter's favor. Still, the Dales bought Derains, and they bought very good ones. But today these pictures look as dead as mutton and, where once we admired them as a hearty continuation of the Corot-Courbet tradition, we see now that they are merely its shallow, belated echo. And when, at Chicago, we come on the other defenders of representational as opposed to "modern" art, the situation is even worse. The pictures of Dufresne, Lurçat (once considered a rival of Miró, despite Henry McBride's perceptive warnings), of Oudot and Tondu—all are ready for the cellar, and nothing for long can keep them above stairs.

IN studying the pictures I have just mentioned, it is tempting to think that "taste," after many centuries of incalculable service, had become a boobytrap for French artists, leading them to empty facility at the expense of conviction. Yet this theory is discredited by the Dales' Braques, all of them painted in the 1920's. For here taste bolsters a talent that for a time dwindled in authority after its great contribution to cubism. Some of the Braques at Chicago are primarily decorative, and I find the two figure pieces rather ponderous and strained, as though the artist felt uneasy before a model more animate than fruit. But the two still lifes, "The Table" and "The Day," are fine indeed. We should remember them when thinking that the 1920's were an over-indulged decade in art as well as life.

The surprise of the Dale exhibition

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is how well the Modiglianis hold up in the stern company of Matisse and Picasso. They are, of course, among the best Modiglianis in existence, since for many years Mr. and Mrs. Dale collected the ill-fated Italian's paintings avariciously, when many of us thought his gifts narrow and thin. He emerges now as one of the finalists in modern art's tournament. Always recognized as a remarkable draftsman, he was also a subtle colorist, and his fevered style seems more and more real. The Matisses at Chicago are not much above average; even so, their effect is memorable. The Picassos are nearly all early or neo-classic works, and one assumes from the general tenor of the Collection that the Dales never really warmed to abstraction. But among the early pictures is the huge "Family of Saltimbanques" of 1905, a high point in Picasso's "Rose" period and one of the most tender and lyric images by a master whom we usually think of in terms of ruthless force.

Peace! The Art Institute is wonderful! I hope to return to it soon. I hope in better weather, though that I would say after many visits to the Windy City is a situation fraught with impossibility. —JAMES THRALL SOBY.

The Life & Works of an Artist

MATISSE: His Art and His Public. By Alfred H. Barr, Jr. New York: Museum of Modern Art. 591 *pp.* $12.50.

By ROBERT GOLDWATER

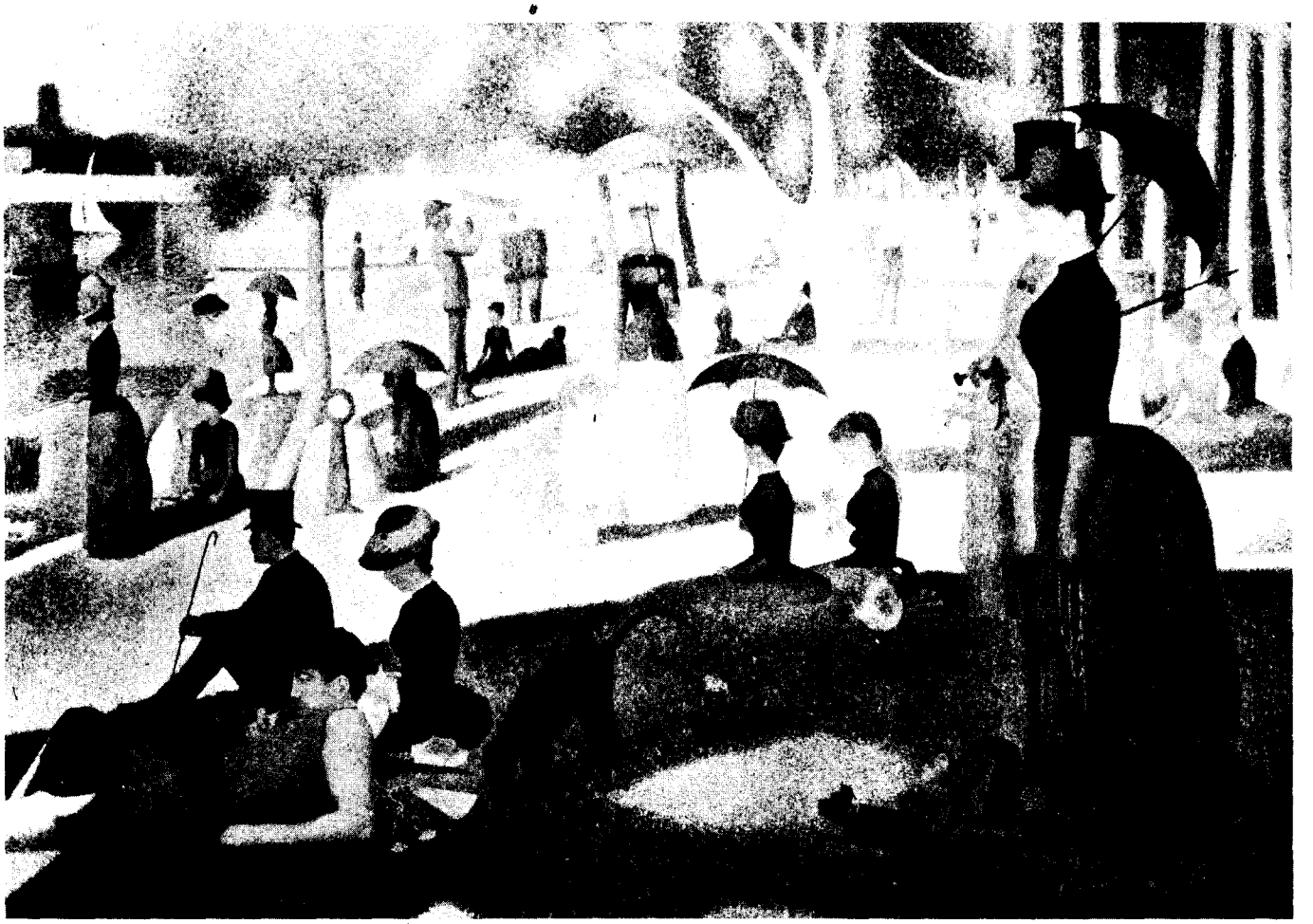
THIS book's achievement lies in being at once an exhaustive document and an interesting tale. With diary-like minuteness it tells the story of Matisse's life, of his art, and of his public; or where, when, how, and for whom his pictures were painted; who posed for them and who bought them; in what company they were shown; which critics praised or (more often) blamed them and him; and what governments have removed Matisse's art from the public view. With scholarly precision it describes and illustrates paintings, sculpture, and graphic work; analyzes compositions, discusses techniques, suggests influences and sources of inspiration, and demonstrates the succession of Matisse's periods while always holding firm to the essence of his style.

There probably can never be a more detailed book than this of Matisse and his art. The artist himself, his family, his friends, his dealers and the collectors of his paintings, journalists, critics, and photographers—all have been drawn upon; and all, some willingly, some belatedly, have responded to the author's passionate concern for setting down the complete and objective record.

Here is the story of the artist's late beginnings, his first academic successes of more than fifty years ago, their renunciation, and his continual renewal as an artist throughout the ensuing half century. Hardly a work is omitted, and all the important pictures are analyzed at length. We become familiar with their production, with their immediate appreciation by those few discerning souls who were the first to recognize the artist's genius, and with the vicissitudes of their disposition in the well known public and private collections of today.

Far from being overwhelming (ex-

Robert Goldwater, a member of the art department of Queens College, New York City, is editor of the Magazine of Art.



—Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago.

"Un Dimanche à la Grande Jatte," by Georges Seurat—"warm and disturbing."

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cept that it must compel our admiration for the dedication of its painstaking method), the final result of this amassing of fact is a clarity and ease and a simplicity of conception very much like Matisse's own. In part this results from Mr. Barr's ability to organize his material as any historian of excellence must. Thus not only are Matisse's life and his art separated and discussed side by side so that each illuminates the other, but there is an arrangement by sections and sub-sections that detaches each moment and places it within the reader's grasp. Unlike many a "popularizer," Mr. Barr has understood that the mechanics of scholarship, subdued but properly displayed, sharpen the excitement of history.

Yet more deeply the clarity of this volume, whose external weight and appearance must earn for it the name of monumental tome, is due to Mr. Barr's sense of the drama of authenticity, that is, both factual and psychological. Artist, critic, and collector, each has his part to play; and as the peculiar qualities of the artist determine his creation, so the sensitivity of the collector and the understanding of the writer in turn express their unique, if lesser, virtues. The artist's imagination is, of course, paramount, and the drama of his vision holds the most power; but the instant of sympathetic insight has its own value and importance. Thus, the proper juxtaposition of events (which is more than chronological sequence and factual completeness), the grasp of creation and appreciation, produces its own dramatic story. Precedence counts, but as the artist may develop and enrich his style, so the late-coming collector or critic, disbelieving at first, then gradually but authentically converted, plays his own role and has his own virtue. This interplay of forces—between the artist and his sources, his materials, and his ideal vision, and between the works he has created and an ever-growing public — is here recounted with all the tenseness of the history of a long military campaign, where accident, judgment, and esthetic force result in the final victory.

In this sense the book is the final chapter of its own story. Twenty years ago Alfred Barr published a paperbound book on Matisse. The difference between that small volume and this (in so many ways) immense one reflects no change in his abilities as a writer. Rather, it is the measure of the growth of a great contemporary artist, twenty years older and many times more influential in his impact on the vision of a now enormous, widespread public.

"The Young Sailor, II" (1906)

—*From "Matisse."*

"Bathers with a Turtle" (1908).

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Analyzing Art Trends

THE SOCIAL HISTORY OF ART. By Arnold Hauser. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 2 vols 1022 *pp.* $12.50.

By H. W. JANSON

ONE OF the frequently heard complaints about the present state of historical scholarship is that it favors specialization at the expense of synthesis. Since the mid-nineteenth century, historical research has become so vast and complex an enterprise that it had to be split up into an ever increasing number of separate fields, and these, in turn, have now accumulated such a wealth of materials and problems that any one of them is apt to be too large for the grasp of an individual mind. Little wonder, then, that even the best of modern scholars tend to concentrate on limited areas where they can be sure of their intellectual footing, while the broad, synoptic treatment of the humanities is left either to the popularizers and "digesters" or to the mystics and prophets of doom, such as Toynbee and Spengler, whose choice and interpretation of historical data invariably fit their particular vision of man's fate all too neatly.

"The Social History of Art" is the most encouraging sign I have seen in many years that this unhappy condition need not prevail forever. Its author, a Hungarian educated in Vienna and at present a lecturer in fine arts at two English universities, has accomplished a truly extraordinary thing: he has provided the first coherent account of the artistic achievements of Western civilization from the Old Stone Age to the present, on a sociological basis. And he has done so with notable clarity, a sure command of scholarly knowledge, and a fine respect for his material. But the most important aspect of Dr. Hauser's work is not the vast amount of information he has assembled into ordered sequence, although this in itself would be impressive enough. It is, rather, the way he brings social and economic data to bear upon the essential character of various styles, both in literature and the fine arts.

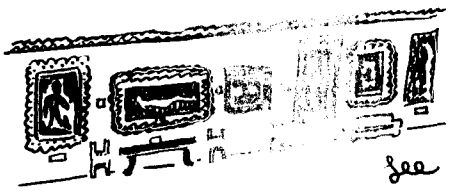
"The Social History of Art" may be compared to the first over-all map of an area previously charted only in spots. Such a map is, of necessity, neither complete nor reliable in every respect, yet it has the great merit of making the area accessible to more detailed future exploration.

Dr. Hauser's main concern is how to explain the countless changes of style that have taken place throughout the history of art, such as the contrast between the fluent naturalism of paleolithic cave paintings and rigid geometric abstractions of the New Stone Age, or the evolution of Romanesque into Gothic, of Renaissance into Baroque. Are they to be regarded as a self-contained process governed by a special internal dynamic of its own? Or must they be attributed to changes in the artists' material, social, and cultural surroundings? The problem is analogous to the dispute among biologists over nature vs. nurture, heredity vs. environment. In either case there can, for the time being at least, be no simple, clear-cut decision one way or the other.

It is the mechanism of this interaction that presents the real difficulty. Dr. Hauser's outlook, needless to say, is strongly "environmentalist," with particular emphasis on the importance of class conflicts within the social structure; but his approach never congeals into a rigid system. On the contrary, he is well aware of the limited scope of sociological analysis, and has a healthy suspicion of conceptual strait-jackets, so that he takes special delight in pointing out such seeming paradoxes as the contrast between early medieval Irish book illumination, which is almost completely nonrepresentational, and the strong interest in nature shown in Celtic poetry of the same period. Some of the best chapters of his book (*e.g.*, the splendid discussion of sixteenth-century mannerism, with its revealing observations on Shakespeare) deal with esthetic phenomena that are least susceptible to sociological interpretation. Even more remarkable, both for their wealth of new ideas and for their balanced point of view, are the sections devoted to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which fill more than a third of the entire book.

The learned specialist will probably spot all sorts of factual errors in "The Social History of Art"; he may also want to quarrel here and there with Dr. Hauser's choice of material in his particular area. These minor objections, however, are of little significance when measured against the scope of the book as a whole. "The Social History of Art" represents an achievement of enduring importance. It should find a large and enthusiastic readership, not only among scholars but among all those seriously concerned with the role of art in human affairs.

H. W. Janson is chairman of the fine arts department of New York University.



Study of the Critics

FRENCH PAINTING between the Past and the Present. By *Joseph C. Sloane. Princeton, N. J. Princeton University.* 241 pp. $

By S. LANE FAISON, JR.

HERE is a painstaking study of what the critics said the critics—of the Second Empire thought of the painting of their day. It is a beautifully printed volume, but, alas, the editing is bad, particularly as the text gives the effect of hasty writing.

I do not mean to be captious in starting off in this way to judge the worth of so ambitious and serious an undertaking as Professor Sloane's book undoubtedly is. The point at issue is, however, what his estimate of these critics really amounts to. It is abundantly clear that he desires to do more than invent the vast literature of criticism he has brought from oblivion. Merely to have done that is, of course, a contribution to the scholarly apparatus, and assures his book a lasting value as a work of reference.

Professor Sloane is sure that Gérôme's "Combat des Coqs" is awful, despite the popular success it enjoyed. (Some of the critics, however, deplored this picture.) And he does not hesitate to side with those critics who belabored Jules Breton. He disparages Delaroche's "almost total absence of painterly qualities." (But "painterly" is a precise art-historyese for "malerisch," the German word for describing free brushwork and juicy impasto, and many painters whom Sloane would admire, like Giotto and Fra Angelico, are anything but painterly in their technique.) Couture's "Roman Orgy" is accepted, with reservations, as "perhaps a horrible example," despite the fact that it was one of the most unqualified Salon successes of the century.

It emerges, therefore, that in Sloane's view sometimes the critics were wrong even when they were

S. Lane Faison, Jr. is chairman of the Art Department of Williams College and director of the Lawrence Museum, Williamstown, Mass.

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nearly unanimous. Yet he contends that a study of the critics is indispensable for understanding the merits of the painters he is considering. After a careful reading of his text, I seriously doubt that this is true, partly because Sloane himself seems to have disproved it. Certain critics like Baudelaire are, of course, excepted from these remarks because they had sharper sensibilities than most of us possess. But a dud is a dud whenever and wherever.

For Sloane even the duds have an historical importance because they struggled to maintain traditions in themselves worthy of respect. Study of the critics shows the fight that modern art had to win, and the years 1848-1870 were crucial in the transition that had to be made. But that is not all: Sloane believes that the duds were clinging to the idea of greatness in art, and that modern art (which begins with Manet) lacks the quality of greatness:

> Yet it may still turn out that there was a degree of justice in their insistence on the moral significance and human dignity in any painting to which the word "great" was to be applied.

Here follows a citation from Delacroix—surely no dud, but not the only painter of genius who in later life deplored the coming of genius different from his own. There is a footnote here to Francis Henry Taylor's article "Modern Art and the Dignity of Man," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December 1948, which I recall as a pretentious lament for allegedly vanishing verities.

Much later in the book, however, Sloane quotes Matisse on Manet, apparently with approval:

> A greater painter is the one who finds the personal durable signs for the plastic expression of the object of his vision. Manet found his.

There are several enthusiastic references to Malraux's "Le Musée Imaginaire," the first volume of a trilogy. But the third volume, which brings Malraux's thought into focus, differs profoundly with Sloane's view of painting since Manet, and, if I am not mistaken, his motivation for directing our attention to the last stand of the Old Guard.

I must take strong exception to certain detailed estimates in the text: That Constantin Guys "was only a charming and tasteful sketcher of the scenes of war and society." That the people in Courbet's "Burial at Ornans" "formed little more than a gallery of types or portraits, for there was little emotional interrelation between them."

As far as editing is concerned, I deplore Mr. Sloane's frequent use of conditioning words. Perversely or not, I do not believe that a critic is "rather stupid," but that he either is or is not stupid. Courbet is called a "rather overwhelming personality." What an anticlimax to his tumultous career!

There is an elaborate bibliography at the end, and useful short accounts of each of the critics whose writings are referred to in the text. Present location of the paintings illustrated appears nowhere, neither with the plates nor in the listing of the plates according to the salon in which each painting was exhibited.

Marriage Verse of Christine de Pisan

1364-1429

By S. L. M. Barlow

MARRIAGE is a lovely thing,
As I with proof can tell,
Like others who God's blessing bring
Upon their marriage-bell.
God save the man in His mercy
Who saves my husband unto me.
Truly he loves me well.

And first upon our wedding night,
As I with proof can tell,
He spared me shame or any slight,
In gentleness to dwell
Till morning came. Sans villainy
A hundred kisses gave he me.
Truly he loves me well.

He said that this was what he dreamed,
(As I with proof can tell)
"An angel raised me up it seemed
From some obscuring hell
To be your servitor, Ma Mie,
To serve you in humility."
Truly he loves me well.

But, ah! when he does say to me,
As I with proof can tell,
That he is mine, all mine to be
Until the grave shall quell
The ardor of our amity—
From such sweet anguish I could die!
Truly he loves me well.

South of the Border

FORTY-FIVE CONTEMPORARY MEXICAN ARTISTS. By Virginia Stewart. Stanford University, Cal.: Stanford University Press. 167 pp. 155 illus. $10.

By Bernard Myers

IN the ten years since the last full scale treatment of the Mexican movement in art, many have looked forward to a book that would bring us up to date on the latest developments and place this renaissance in its correct historical and esthetic perspective. Unfortunately, "Forty-five Contemporary Mexican Artists" is not that book. Although it brings us a good many recent events in Mexican art, they are overwhelmingly biographical in nature. Even on its own terms as a "frankly human and personal approach" it does not succeed nearly as well as the 1941 study by Mackinley Helm in which personalities and human warmth were made part of the story.

Miss Stewart's book, the second in the Stanford Art Series, is a handsomely designed job, including forty-five large, elegant photographs of the artists plus about one hundred and ten illustrations, all in offset. Attractiveness apart, one wonders whether an artist's photograph and one to three illustrations of his work are adequate for such people as Orozco, Siqueiros, and Rivera. The effectiveness of two-color printing (black and sepia) is marred by the fact that sepia is used to reproduce as diverse media as charcoal, fresco, watercolor, and ink.

At this stage of art book publishing it seems strange that such an elaborate book comes to us with only one color plate—an end-paper reproduction of a mural section by Alfredo Ramos Martínez done in Scripps College at Claremont, California. There is no question of the artist's significance in the movement, but the work represented here is a very unimportant one and a poor choice considering that Claremont also offers the magnificent Orozco "Prometheus" at Pomona College.

The present volume follows the conventional pattern of many older books on Mexican art, such as the 1937 volumes of Velásquez Chávez and Carlos Mérida—alphabetically arranged, brief biographies with a few illustrations of each man's work and a small photo. Miss Stewart's book shows a curious

Bernard Myers is the author of "Modern Art in the Making."

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—*From "Forty-five Contemporary Mexican Artists."*
"Carnival de Huejotzingo," by Desiderio.

variant of this method, with the artists arranged in terms of their birth dates. Thus Ramos Martínez (b. 1872) comes first, Orozco (b. 1883) is fourth, Rivera (b. 1884) is fifth, and Siqueiros (b. 1898) has to be content with the sixteenth place.

What is lacking here is a sense of the Mexican movement as a movement; this haphazard arrangement does not convey it. Although the author in her elliptical four-page introduction makes no claim to writing a history of modern Mexican painting but says rather that she is presenting her material in exhibition form, the fact remains that exhibition catalogues covering such a range of material give us far more background and coherent arrangement.

Many will feel that the major figures of Mexican painting are entitled to more space than the arbitrary system of this book makes possible. Thus Orozco receives only five pages while other far less important figures get three or four—and Ramos Martínez six! Much of the already meager space allotted to each man is consumed by a large, often cabinet-size photograph of the artist and biographical material, leaving very little indeed for his art.

No attempt is made to rate the forty-five contemporary Mexican artists or to estimate their relative importance. In view of this neutral attitude, one wonders on what basis certain men were included and others left out. Why exactly forty-five? The names of Juan O'Gorman, the architect-painter, Francisco Eppens, and Paredes may be mentioned among the artists omitted. It is almost unbelievable, moreover, that a book as pretentious as this would not include Jorge Camaréna (b. 1908), widely regarded as one of the outstanding maturalists of this generation.

On the positive side, Miss Stewart's book offers useful and often interesting biographical material, especially on the younger men, a chronologically arranged bibliography from 1913 to 1951, and a generally attractive format—including a cover by Jean Charlot. However, these days ten dollars usually buys either a picture book in color or a book stressing solid content—sometimes even a combination of the two. In the case of Miss Stewart's volume our ten dollars buys us none of these things.

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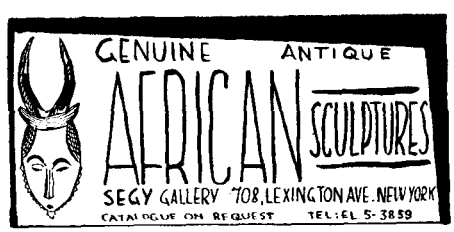

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Art Book Notes

ARCHITECTURE AND TOWN PLANNING IN COLONIAL CONNECTICUT. By Anthony N. B. Garvan. Yale University Press. $7.50. Anthony Garvan is not one of those travelers who come back to brag of mileage covered and sights seen. So modest is the preface to his study of the architecture and town planning of colonial Connecticut that prospective readers aren't likely to guess the extent of the discoveries he has made in what, mistakenly, most of us believe to be a carefully cultivated field. Tracing the Connecticut town plans to their source, he succeeds in proving that the idyllic villages of that corner of New England were usually plotted along the unidyllic lines of British strongholds in Ulster. An exception was New Haven which — believe it or not — was planned in accordance with the principles of Vitruvius, who held that streets should be laid out to check the passage of prevailing winds, for winds were "not only chilling but carried disease."

What Garvan has to say about town planning may shatter the dreams of our sentimentalists, but Garvan on architecture is even more provocative. Challenging the by now respectable "evolutionary" theory of the seventeenth-century house, he denies that the yeomen of Connecticut built their homes by the process of adding on rooms and lean-tos around the chimneys; as he sees it, "one must abandon the assumption that all types of colonial dwellings developed from a single model and substitute in its place the notion that the English colonists were familiar with many house types and each settler chose that which suited his particular class and station in life."

Readers of Garvan's chapter on the Protestant Plain Style applied to church building here and abroad will probably agree that this monograph deserves to be placed on the same shelf with Fiske Kimball's monumental study of our early domestic architecture. Monograph, however, may be too narrow a classification for Garvan's book. The author, who is well aware that architecture and town planning are meaningless topics unless related to history at large, tells his story as it should be told, against the framework of colonial civilization.

—WAYNE ANDREWS.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ATTIC BLACK-FIGURE. By J. D. Beazley. University of California Press. $6.50. The lectures Oxford's Professor Beazley recently delivered at the University of California on the Black-Figure period of Greek vases are now available in that institution's Sather Classical Lecture Series. At the outset Professor Beazley outlines the preceding periods of Greek pottery from the earliest times, then in the succeeding seven chapters settles down to a detailed consideration of the various Black-Figure vases. Students of the subject will be happy with his revealing analyses, particularly his discussions of the François Vase and of Exekias, which are models of lucidity. The Black-Figure reached its closing phase in the Panathenaic Amphorae, those that were filled with good Athenian oil and presented as prizes to the winners of athletic games. Professor Beazley has had the good sense to relegate his copious and useful collateral notes to the back of his book. Over a hundred illustrations illuminate his text. —L. R. SANDER.

VICTORIAN JEWELLERY. By Margaret Flower. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 271 *pp.* $10. Margaret Flower divides the Victorian period into three sections: the early period is the romantic, the Mid-Victorian is the grand, and late Victorian is the esthetic period. I fear that Victorian jewelry is neither romantic, grand, nor esthetic, but sentimental, pretentious, and graceless. Gaudy gothic tiaras, clips with carbuncles, and beaded brooches are seldom tasteful, let alone artistic.

There are, however, many interesting and curious oddities in the jewelry of this period. Brooches, chains, and rings were made of horsehair, natural or dyed. There were gold vinaigrettes which hung from finger rings, hair pins with flower heads that trembled, mounted fossils for earrings, pins with "romantic scenes" made of human hair, and bracelets made to look like snakes (even Victoria herself wore one of these). One bracelet is described as made of twisted chains of hair in two colors, light and dark brown, a grisly memento of the romantic period. A favorite of mine is a parure of tiger's claws set in gold floral and leafage mounts. It is hard to regard tiger's claws as a bit of feminine frippery.

Toward the end of the Victorian period, the so-called esthetic period, designs became more strange and startling. Lizards, owls, and frogs were executed in gold, diamonds, and elaborate enamels. For the sport enthusiast there were gold golf clubs and pearl golf balls, and for the horse woman there were ornamented horseshoes and riding crops.

It was probably Queen Victoria herself who made the wearing of excessive amounts of jewelry popular. Even in informal portraits she is

shown wearing several jeweled bracelets as well as other pieces. In most descriptions of the fashionable functions of the day, the jewels took precedence over the guests and the events of the party. Mrs. Gaskell, in her "Wives and Daughters," writes of a village charity ball at which a duchess is to be present. When she appears without her jewels, the whole village condemns her as a very poor kind of duchess. As Miss Flowers points out, it was a lady's jewels that showed her social position and not her furs or carriages. An etiquette book of the period states that coral, ivory, and semi-precious stones were only suitable for morning wear while precious materials were for formal dress. One bit of advice was, "Long brilliant earrings are becoming to noble and grave features."

Although most of the jewelry of the Victorian era is florid, there were some really lovely things wrought by fine craftsmen. One of the most charming is an enameled gold chain hung with cameos in chalcedony and onyx. This was made by John Brogden and is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Another is a pendant and chain by Carlo Guiliano, which is a delicately wrought enamel setting with a large straw-colored topaz surrounded by diamonds and pearls.

It is unfortunate for Miss Flower's book that the really handsome pieces are so few and the monstrosities so many. —RLENE L. HOWELL.

FRENCH CATHEDRALS. By Jean Bony. Photographs by Martin Hürlimann. Houghton Mifflin Co. $7.50. A cat may look at a king, and you and I, even if we can't tell the difference between a groined and a ribbed vault, or tell why the roof of Beauvais collapsed, may enjoy looking at fine photographs of Gothic architecture. There are fine photographs, 196 of them, in this new volume on the French cathedrals, and to thumb through these views of Notre Dame, Chartres, Amiens, and the other miracles of the twelfth century in the Ile de France,

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is to remember that these treasures may be appreciated by thousands who have neither the temptation nor the time to study the intricacies of the engineering which made all this possible.

Since Mr. Hürlimann's sensitive negatives have been reproduced with what amounts to love and kindness, there is no good reason why this book shouldn't reach a much larger public than the chosen few who teach art and architecture in our colleges. All of which makes one wonder why the publishers have burdened the text with scholarly notes and a dignified introduction, fit reading for scholars who have Viollet-le-Duc and all the other authorities on their library shelves, but scarcely the sort of thing you and I would like to skim through on a winter's evening.

If only the author of the introduction had taken the trouble to remind us that such and such a cathedral was begun the year Eleanor of Aquitaine divorced Louis VII to marry Henry II of England, or told us that a certain tower was added in the decade in which Saint Louis set off on his last crusade! Then we would all feel nearer the world in which these stones were set in place. A friendly preface would have made it plain that although all art may not belong to all men, the cathedrals of France belong to mankind. —W. A.

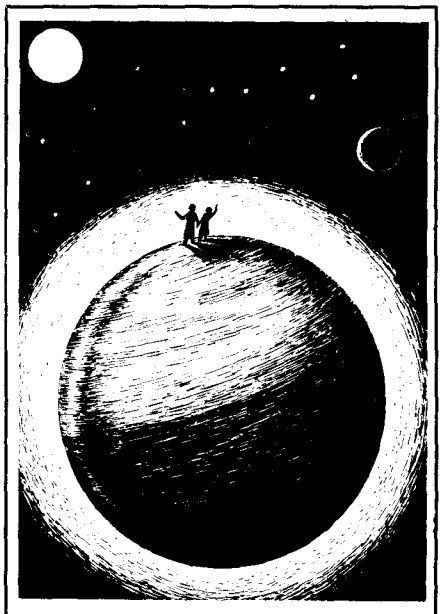
LES AUTOMATES. By Alfred Chapuis and Edmond Droz. Stechert-Hafner, New York: Paper $24. *Cloth* $30. *Automates* is a difficult word to translate into English, but probably "automatons" is close enough to give the correct idea. American *amateurs* of *automates* will be delighted with this large, lavishly illustrated book by two Swiss authorities, tracing the subject from articulated Egyptian figures to the electronically operated gadgets of the present. The text is in French, but it is simple, idiomatic French. The illustrations, mostly photographs with some drawings, have English captions and offer views of both the exteriors and the mechanisms. It is salutary to people of an age that takes such pride in its mechanical accomplishments to come across two-hundred-year old automatons which write and draw; one of the earliest examples extant has a vocabulary of 107 words. Also carefully described are animals doing all manner of things—birds that sing and fly, monkeys that play violins—conjurers making ladies disappear, pictures with moving parts, and a hundred other automatic imitations of life. For connoisseurs of craftsmanship there are examples of the work of Cox and Farbergé. So lucid are the authors' expositions that about the only mystery left is the source of the drive that kept some of the early craftsmen dedicated to such long and complicated tasks. —L . R . S.

ANTIQUES: The Amateur's Questions. By Hampden Gordon. Macmillan. $2.50. Mr. Gordon's book is primarily for the collector of English antiques, but is also useful for the collector of American antiques who wishes correct accessories for his period rooms. Many of the first brasses and hinges, wine glasses and tumblers, plates and platters which are important for the student's study came from England.

Mr. Gordon tries to answer most of the pertinent and troublesome questions regarding the history and development of English glass, porcelain, furniture, pottery, silver, and other related objects. However, a complete summary of all these fields would be difficult in one volume. Although some kind of glass was made in Egypt about three thousand years ago, and blown glass dates from the time of Julius Caesar, Mr. Gordon does not attempt to answer all the questions concerning Roman glass, Islamic glass, and Venetian glass, which he considers important predecessors of English glass. The author does have answers for such questions as: "Is there a field for the modest purse?" "How do you recognize Hepplewhite furniture?" "How do you tell 'hard' paste from 'soft'?" and "Can an ordinary person acquire the knowledge, and, if so, how is it done?"

It is Mr. Gordon's point, and a good one, that the collector, to gain more pleasure from his possessions, should know something about the periods when they were in daily use, and their history. To know that a certain chair or bench or glass was in constant use when Samuel Johnson was visiting the taverns with Boswell, or when Marlborough was fighting his battles, should add pleasure to one's collection. Craftsmanship and artistry are only one side of collecting, history the other. It is unfortunate that the author is unable to include interesting information of this kind and instead must devote his pages to markings and decorations.

It is very easy for the beginning collector to be deceived by the intricacies of Old Derby, Worcester, and Chelsea. Many an antique hunter without sufficient knowledge can be fooled by inferior glass passing as Waterford. But such problems should not deter the beginner; beautiful as well as convenient crafts are necessary to a household culture, for the home dedicated to comfort without art is bleak. The Chinese proverb says, "If you have two loaves of bread, sell one and buy a lily." —R. L. H.



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NOTES ON ASSOCIATING WITH THE ENEMY

(*Continued from page 23*)

soldiers staring at me less than forty feet away I wondered whether the same thoughts were crossing their minds as crossed mine. Not too far away from where we stood, in Korea, Chinese and Americans were killing each other in battle. But Americans had no quarrel with the Chinese people themselves. Historically the Americans had perhaps been more highly regarded than the people of any other Western nation. But the Chinese people were now being told by their new masters that the Americans wanted to use Korea as a jumping-off place for an attack on China itself. They were being told that America was determined to restore the old Western imperialism, and that we would never be content until the white man had firmly established a system of slavery over all of Asia. Along with this went the assurance that only Soviet Russia, homeland of Communism, sympathized with the Asian peoples and would respect and support their historic desire to liberate themselves from Western domination.

I suppose I should have been tempted to cross the remainder of the footbridge in order to talk it out with the Chinese sentries, trying to make them see the absurdity of the lies they had been told about America. But there isn't much temptation to talk to a man with a gun, especially when he's on his own grounds.

A Chinese sentry walked out towards me from his side of the bridge, then stopped ten feet from the center, which was the precise line of demarcation between Red China and the peninsula. He looked at me in my American clothes. Perhaps his thoughts were the reverse of mine; perhaps as he stared at me he toyed with the idea of setting me straight on what he considered to be my own misinformation or ignorance concerning China. In any event, if this is what went through his mind he gave no indication of it. All he did was to look at me hard, the expression being neither friendly nor unfriendly.

Suddenly I remembered something that happened in Berlin during the ominous and explosive days of the air lift. I had run into a Russian Occupation soldier near the border of the Soviet zone in Berlin. He seemed as impassive as Berlin's new mammoth Red Soldier monument itself. I tried without success to get him to unfreeze. Then I tendered a package of American cigarettes. His face warmed up with a big grin. He reached out to accept the gift, then offered me his hand in friendship and gratitude.

Communicating with the Chinese sentry was a tougher problem because he was some fifteen feet away. I reached in my pocket for a pack of American cigarettes—which have an almost magic reputation in the rest of the world, especially among fighting men. I held it up so the Chinese sentry could see it, then without waiting for any response I tossed it to him. He had no trouble catching it, though for a second I was afraid it would be carried off by the wind. Then came the inevitable grin, which I reciprocated. He said something which I assume meant that he was grateful, and I said something in acknowledgement that was equally unintelligible to him.

The sentry made no motion to come closer to me, nor I to him. We stood there in the wind and the stinging rain for a minute or two, looking at each other, then each turned and walked back to the world he came from. As I moved slowly up the hill towards the car I looked back over my shoulder. The Chinese sentry was following me with his eyes. He waved casually and I returned the gesture. He smiled briefly, then resumed his post.

THAT was all there was to it. It was a trivial incident, but there came vaguely to mind a scene from "War and Peace" involving Davout, the Frenchman, and Pierre, the Russian. They confronted each other in the smoke-charred ruins of Moscow. Tolstoy refers to the shock of human recognition that took place when suddenly both men were face to face. It was only an instant, but there was communication between the two far more graphic and incisive than all the teachings and conditionings of the separate worlds that fashioned them and to which they owed their first allegiance. There was a magnificent pause as a sensation of kinship ran between them, only to vanish as their external separate worlds quickly moved in again to assert the prior claims.

What had happened to me was far less dramatic and eventful, yet it carried a symbolic quality that stayed in the mind. Even today, a year later, I keep thinking of the Chinese sentry and the circumstances that made it impossible for two creatures to build on their essential mutuality. Both of them shared the fabulous gift of human existence, both of them were dependent upon the same natural bounties for well-being, both of them were part of the same mixture, part of the same potential.

In that sense—the sense of having something in common far more vital than the differences officially assigned to us—we were members of a leaderless and unrepresented group. Belonging to a nation, we had a nation that could speak for us. Belonging to a religion, we had a religion that could speak for us. Belonging to an economic or political order, we had an economic or political order that could speak for us. But belonging to the human race, we were without spokesman. Indeed, we could hardly speak to each other. As I say, it was something that stayed in the mind.

—N. C.

Ocean Avenue

By Jean Pedrick

I WAS born on a street that went to sea,
Down to the wall, and that wall down to the shells
Of things hung by their lids over the flats.
When I was little I would pluck those things,
We called them winkles, off the greenhair wall
And see the creatures fold like opera hats.

Now when I touch your quickness on a word
Like a young finger and you pull away
And hide inside the convoluted brain:
As though the touch were lewd or murderous,
As though I break thee from the rock of God,
As though I hold thee naked to the rain,
I go forever down the street to sea
Where are the wonders all withdrawn from me.

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On the Record

A Personal Choice by Edward Tatnall Canby

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER RECORD NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
SOME HAYDN SYMPHONIES		
HAYDN: SYMPHONIES #94 ("SURPRISE"); #103 ("DRUM ROLL"). Royal Philharmonic, Beecham. Columbia ML 4453	▶ Probably English cut, these are not very impressive, though entirely listenable. Highs are modest, ensemble is rather distant, details in low relief.	Beecham, once our leading Haydn exponent, offers readings that are, as always, beautifully tailored, meticulously phrased—but in comparison these seem to me to underestimate Haydn's real dramatic strength as we now can see it.
HAYDN: SYMPHONIES #103 ("DRUM ROLL"); #80. Vienna Symphony, Scherchen. Westminster WL 5050	▶ No. 103 is brighter, with more presence than Beecham's, but #80 is strangely distant, low-level; the sound doesn't "tell." Matter of miking, evidently.	The old prewar, Stiedry #80 (with #67) marked beginning of Haydn revival on records; I remember it as more effective than this. "Drum Roll," with better recording, is more dramatic, more uneven than Beecham's. Good.
HAYDN: SYMPHONIES #102; #97. Vienna Symphony, Scherchen. Westminster WL 5062	▶ What a spread of history this man Haydn covered! Here, in perhaps his greatest symphony, #102, the romantic-minded Scherchen finds extraordinary things—the playful violence of the Beethoven Second, the quiet exaltation of "Fidelio," even much eloquence of a later style—Mendelssohn and Weber. The music takes it with ease, and this is a stunning performance in spite of roughnesses. No. 97, more classic, benefits from similar treatment, a welcome emphasis on drama and intensity instead of the traditional "cuteness." Both of these are superbly recorded, easily superior to all of above.	
HAYDN: SYMPHONIES #86; #95. Salzburg Mozarteum Orch., Paul Walter. Period SPLP 516	▶ Rather dead, close-up recording, the string tone somewhat shrill. Chamber style. (My copy badly warped.)	Maybe later pressings were unwarped; waver aside, these are competently played, chamber fashion, in small hall. Better check Scherchen's #95 (with #100).
QUARTETS—MOZART AND HAYDN		
MOZART: QUARTETS IN F, K. 590; IN A, K. 464. MOZART: QUARTETS IN E FLAT, K. 428; IN B FLAT, K. 458 ("HUNT"). Amadeus Quartet. Westminster WL 5092; WL 5099.	▶ This series is recorded with first-rate, big, live sound, though not quite as "orchestral" as Westminster's Vienna Konzerthaus records. Slight differences: 5092 has sharper violin edge than 5099, the Quintet (prob. due to length) is cut at lower level throughout.	The youthful English group plays with high sincerity, explosive intensity, bringing the more romantic Mozart to the fore; ensemble rather soft, liquid, minus the sculptured exactness of Budapest, tempos a bit on slow side but very alive. An enjoyable presentation of Mozart, the Quintet particularly benefiting.
MOZART: QUINTET IN G. MINOR, K. 516. Amadeus Quartet. Westminster WL 5086		
MOZART: QUARTETS IN D, K. 575; IN F, K. 590. Aeolian Quartet. Allegro ALG 3036	▶ Strangely dead, closet-like recording here obscures musical values—instruments sound like toys, continuity, legato lost. An unnatural sound, if perfectly intelligible. The playing seems accurate but matter of fact.	
MOZART: QUARTETS IN G, K. 387; IN D MINOR, K. 421. Budapest Quartet. Columbia ML 4360	▶ K. 421 is reissue of 16" disc-made MM 462; stands up well, though a bit metallic in loud parts. K. 387 is new, taped; clean as a whistle but instruments are too close for my ears and too edgy.	These stand out as exceptionally plastic, accurate, taut, and musical playings. Budapest is still on top, though I'd say the prewar RCA Budapest Mozarts were even better.
HAYDN: QUARTETS IN G, OP. 76, #1; IN E FLAT, OP. 76, #6. Barchet Quartet. Renaissance X 33	▶ An excellent mean, in recording, between the "orchestral" largeness of some quartets and the too-close quality of others. This is full, large, but not too resonant.	Excellent Haydn. Rather rich in tone, the first violin bit quavery; but rhythm, phrasing are very alive. Minimum of cuteness.

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(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Indigestion (med.).	22 160 30 53 165 46 44
B. Thorny.	175 19 154 35 115 2 83 88 84
C. An organization of Italians violently disposed, and hostile to the law.	102 132 36 97 75 151
D. Disadvantageous; inopportune.	63 143 106 162 15 4 40 152 116 124 76 71
E. Peak in southern California, 5,601 feet; tourist resort.	134 65 16 149
F. Sea nymphs (Gr. myth.).	66 78 130 31 37 49 89
G. Brought into manifestation.	144 138 159 12 105 74
H. British commander at capitulation of Louisburg by the French, 1758.	3 113 17 140 95 158 42
I. To be successful or flourishing.	172 123 38 11 93 110
J. Having a hollow sound.	6 87 161 85 58 176 126 129 7
K. Recently called the "Elder Statesman" in U. S.	133 60 28 8 122 20
L. Capital of a European country; devastated by earthquake, 1755.	117 18 163 104 34 171
M. Dispensed, disseminated.	5 81 70 108 55 164 101

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Urgently required.	24 56 96 153 135 177
O. Mother of Minos, Rhadamanthus, etc. (Gr. myth.).	167 98 127 52 10 69
P. Biblical subject of drama by Racine, 1691.	92 45 148 112 118 157 145 21
Q. Brings to mind again.	79 25 59 68 39 120 174 146 9
R. Pulsated; vibrated.	90 173 61 14 150 139 27 170
S. League, 14th and 15th centuries, to improve trading conditions in certain German cities.	43 64 155 114 86 169 57 48 67
T. Megarian school of philosophy founded by Euclid, disciple of Socrates.	141 73 13 23 131 80 62
U. Female spirits who warn a family of approaching death (Ir. and Scotch).	29 137 142 82 168 94 100 109
V. One of two Biblical subjects of a satire by Dryden, 1681 (var. sp.).	119 166 1 147 91 128 50 136 103 125
W. Like mother-of-pearl.	77 107 33 51 72 47
X. American portrait sculptor (1883-1952).	156 121 26 111 41 99 54 32

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

1 V		2 B	3 H	4 D	5 M		6 J		7 J	8 K	9 Q	10 O	11 I	12 G	13 T	14 R
15 D		16 E	17 H	18 L	19 B	20 K		21 P	22 A	23 T		24 N	25 Q	26 X	27 R	28 K
	29 U	30 A	31 F	32 X		33 W	34 L	35 B	36 C	37 F	38 I	39 Q	40 D	41 X		42 H
43 S	44 A	45 P		46 A		47 W	48 S	49 F		50 V	51 W	52 O	53 A	54 X	55 M	56 N
	57 S	58 J		59 Q	60 K	61 R	62 T	63 D	64 S		65 E	66 F	67 S	68 Q		69 O
70 M	71 D	72 W	73 T		74 G	75 C	76 D	77 W	78 F	79 Q		80 T	81 M		82 U	83 B
	84 B	85 J	86 S		87 J	88 B	89 F	90 R		91 V	92 P	93 I	94 U		95 H	96 N
97 C	98 O	99 X	100 U	101 M		102 C	103 V		104 L	105 G	106 D	107 W	108 M	109 U	110 I	
111 X		112 P	113 H		114 S	115 B	116 D	117 L	118 P		119 V		120 Q	121 X	122 K	123 I
124 D	125 V	126 J	127 O		128 V	129 J	130 F		131 T	132 C	133 K	134 E	135 N		136 V	137 U
138 G		139 R	140 H	141 T	142 U		143 D	144 G	145 P	146 Q		147 V	148 P	149 E		150 R
151 C	152 D	153 N		154 B	155 S	156 X		157 P		158 H	159 G	160 A	161 J	162 D	163 L	164 M
	165 A	166 V	167 O		168 U	169 S	170 R	171 L	172 I		173 R	174 Q	175 B	176 J	177 N	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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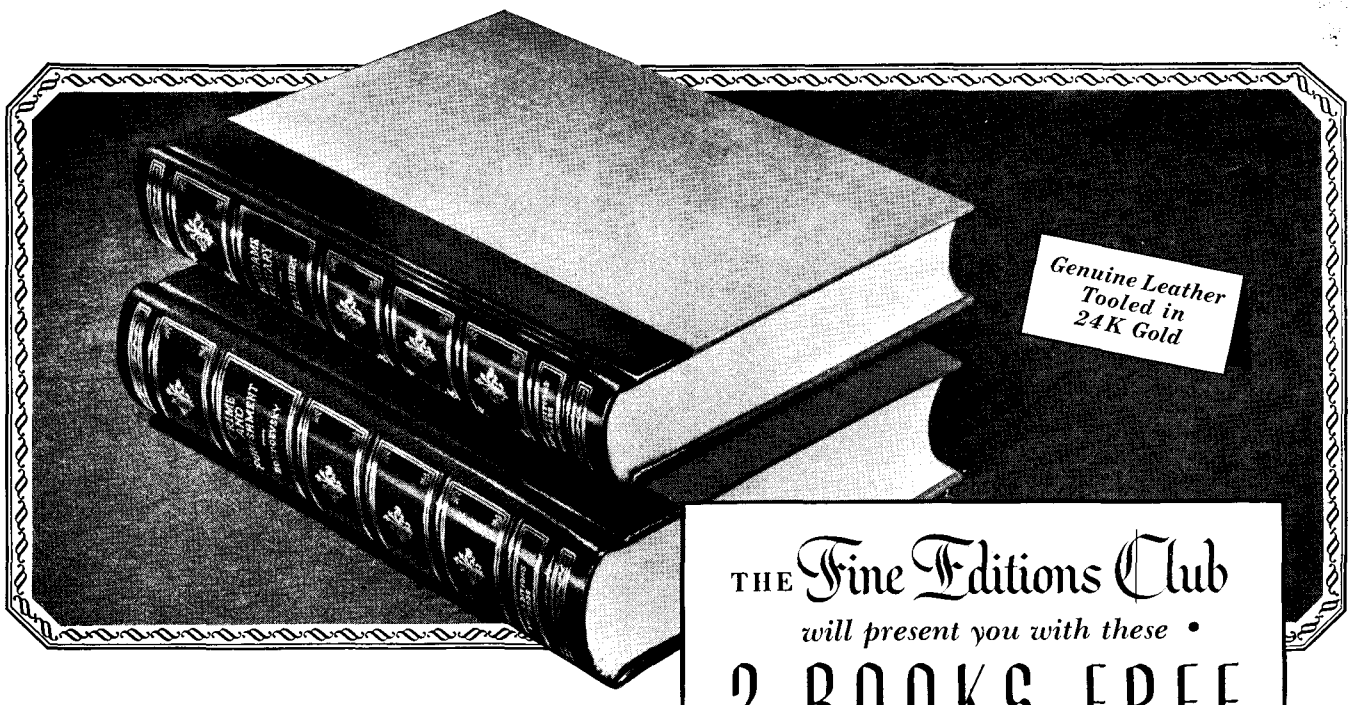

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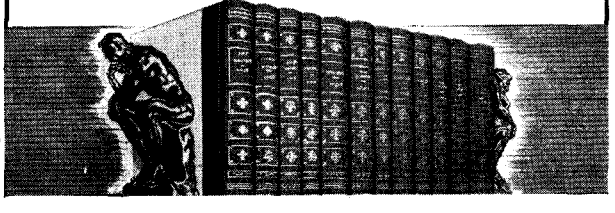

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